

# Orange and Blue

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*Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn*

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VOL. XVI.

AUBURN, ALA., OCT. 23, 1909.

No. 3.

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Published by a Board of Editors from the Senior and Junior  
Classes. Devoted to the General Interests of the College.

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Entered at the Post Office at Auburn, Ala., as second class mail  
matter, in accordance with Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription Rates, \$1.00 Per Year.

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Address all matter intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief.  
Business communications should be sent to the Business Manager.

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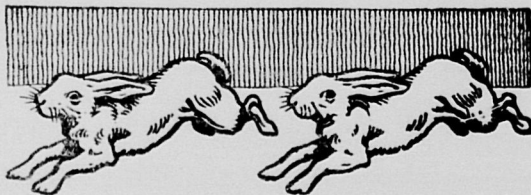
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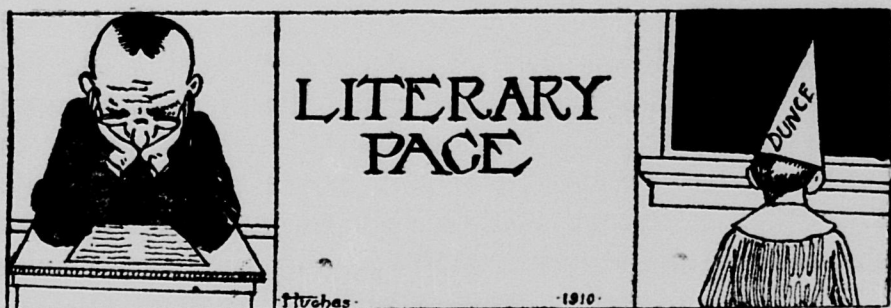
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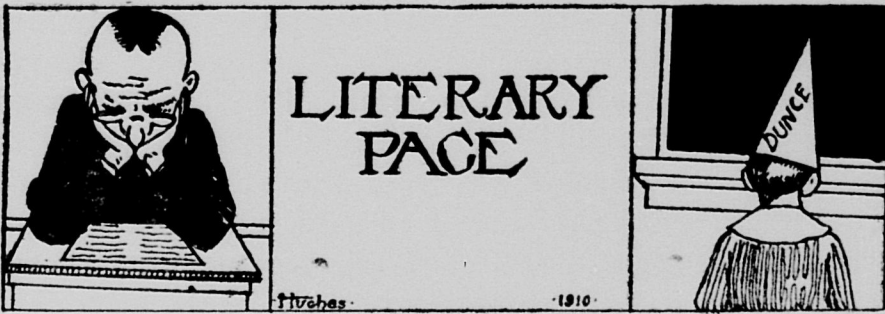
The great hall was filled with an eager body of students. The whole crowd was on fire with enthusiasm. *Tomorrow*, the great game of the season with S— University. Members of the faculty and each man of the varsity eleven had been called upon for a speech. This had only increased the wild enthusiasm of the assembly.

Last year Ned Harris was one of the honored eleven; but now he sat in an obscure corner with his head bent low. The scene aroused in his mind the memory of that last fierce contest in which his university had won against this same rival. Yes, they were giving the same “who-ha-hay” yell they had given him when he was carried off the field one year ago. It had not meant much to him, when the physician had said, “You can never play again.”

“It does not matter,” he said, “I have at least shown myself worthy to be called a son of my Alma Mater, the cost is none too great.”

Now it seemed different when another great victory was to be won. Some one must maintain his varsity’s reputation against this S— team. The fellows would work hard, he knew, and he felt that they deserved the cheers which the students were giving them; yet his whole being seemed to be infused with a wild rebellion at the thought that he could no longer be one of them.





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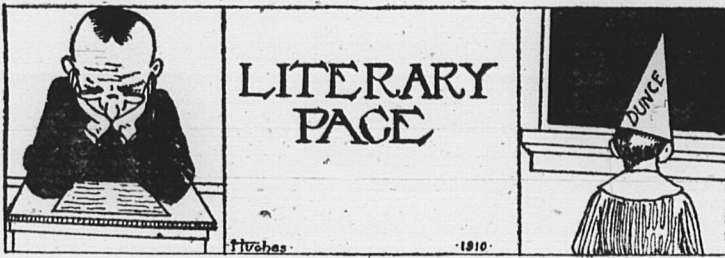
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But now they were calling his name. He only slid further down in his seat. He could not speak. The rebellion in his heart was too great. The fellows around him were raising him up, but he had not the power to resist. There he stood towering above the assembly. The room had been hushed into an almost death-like silence. He must say something, but the very silence of the room seemed to oppress him.

"Fellows," he began, "I wish I could be with you." The echo of his own voice seemed as strained as the upturned faces of the crowd around him. "It seems," he continued, "as if I am no longer a part of my Alma Mater." The strong fellow's voice broke and he sank down. It was his last chance to speak for his varsity's eleven, and he had failed. The hush of the room was broken only by the tones of the piano playing the Alma Mater song; and the crowd left the house singing softly and reverently. His speech had had the effect of a benediction. The meeting was at an end.

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The old hall was again filled with an eager throng, but this time Ned Harris was not sitting in the farthest corner. He was on the platform with five other young men. Two of these were from his own varsity while the others were from S— University. The defeat of the S— football team, had only strengthened the rivalry between the two institutions, and now their debate team had challenged the conquerors to a contest. A mass meeting had been held to decide what was to be done, and the challenge had been accepted. Ned Harris had been chosen as the third member of the team. For what reason, he could not see. He knew that was not in his "line of business." Yet the opportunity to serve his Alma Mater could not be ignored, so he had consented, trusting, as he afterward confided to his room-mate, that the other two would win in the contest.

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which they had carefully prepared and learned. Their opponents had not brought forth the argument which they had anticipated; and he thought that the debate was surely lost. True, their opponents' argument was founded on a false basis, but the crowd before him had not recognized the fallacy.

The last member of the S— team was speaking and his time would come next. He tried to remember how his speech began but the words would not come. Why had they chosen him to debate? They might have known that he would fail in the same way he had done when the students had called upon him to speak at that other meeting. At the thought of that other speech, it brought back some of the old feelings. Again his Alma Mater must have a man to uphold her fame, and he had been chosen to do it. The crowd was applauding the last debate. His time had come.

Slowly, Ned Harris rose to his feet and advanced to the center of the platform. For a moment he stood there without uttering a sound. Then he began to speak quietly, but distinctly. Steadily his voice and argument seemed to gain him favor and conviction. He was talking with some of his friends and must convince them of their false views in the problem. The earnestness of the lad's spirit was expressed in his face and voice.

"Now," his voice seemed to have all the firmness of a final decision, "I still maintain, ladies and gentlemen, that—"

Time was called and Ned Harris somehow found his seat. He felt dazed, uncertain as to what he had said or how he had said it. He scarcely heard the applause and the summing up of the leaders. He only realized that, when much depended upon him he had forgotten his speech. Yes, he had said something but what he was not sure. One thing seemed certain, that the S— team must have won. Fate was surely frowning upon him,

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else why should it not be permitted him to play football instead of to debate? The judges were rendering their decision but he did not care what they were saying. Their voices seemed far away and indistinct.

When all at once the fellows in the varsity team rose in a body and gave cheer after cheer. Could it be that they had won after all? They were singing the Alma Mater song and his opponents had seized his hand and was offering congratulations on his speech. What could it all mean? Could it be that he was dreaming?

Before he could realize what they were doing, he found himself raised up to the shoulders of two of his comrades and carried out before the large crowd. There came clearly, distinctly to his ears that same "Who-ha-hay" yell and his name was at the end. A strange thrill ran through him. He was again a worthy son of his Alma Mater.

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### THE CHICKEN'S LOVER OR, OLE MOSTER'S BARNYARD.

---

W'en day wus all abreakin'  
De moon wus full an' bright,  
Afore he'd ducked his head down  
An' dodged clear out uv sight;

An' leetle Whip-per-will-er  
W'at show hed sot up late,  
Wus callin' f'om de holler  
An' tellin' uv his fate;

An' w'en de golden streamers  
Wus streakin' f'om de East,  
I waked myself up early  
An' fixed ter make a feast.

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Fer, in my dreams, a rooster  
Wus let down in er sheet;  
He stepped out uv it proudly  
An' said: "Jes kill an' eat."

I got into my breeches  
Pulled on my ole wool hat  
An' tiptoed ter de barnyard—  
Good Lord! dats whar I'us at!

Den in de chicken' houses  
I sarched in rows an' rows  
I found de fattest roosters  
De best dat eber grows.

An' dar afore my peepers  
Dat fowl I show did knew,  
W'at walked around my pallet  
An' crowed de whole night thou.'

I picked him up ez keerful,  
Ez keerful ez could be  
An' taked him down ter Dinah's  
Ter cook fer her an' me.

An' Dinah hed de skillet  
Just greased all up and down  
An' den we cooked dat chicken,  
We cooked him good and brown.

W'en Dinah said: "Hit's ready"  
I flunged er side my hat.  
Hit showly aint no sinner  
W'at steals er fowl lak dat.

Well I'm er gittin' ole now.  
My har am white ez snow;

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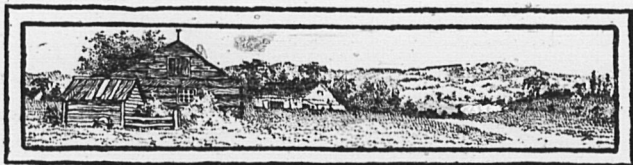
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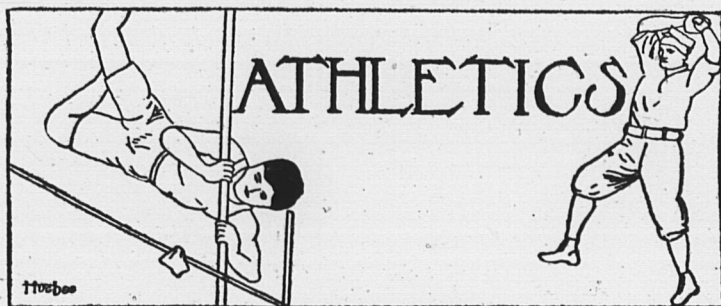
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We have heard the songs of Vandy  
Sung by warriors strong and true;  
But old Auburn's cry of "Victory"  
Cheers the braves of the Orange and Blue.  
Yes, 'tis so that we have met them  
Often to our sorrow told;  
But our team's unerring skill and strength  
Will lower the colors of Black and Gold—J. M.

#### AUBURN VS. GORDON.

Auburn again tackled her old time prep school rival from Barnesville, on the campus, Oct. 9, and defeated them by the overwhelming score of 46 to 5. Gordon has a team composed of youngsters, but a team that is full of spirit and in spite of the fact that they were outweighed and had had less experience gamely contested every inch of ground. Time after time the varsity plowed thru their line for huge gains, but they nobly came back and refused to give up the fight until they had exhausted their stock of substitutes. Minnehan, Gordon's fast half-back, probably played the best game for them, but they should all be congratulated on their good showing.

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they saw our *team* plunge them time after time for big gains. To a man they realized that the team was a well organized body full of the good old Auburn spirit, and determined to conquer Vandy and Sewanee or die in the attempt. The line showed marked improvement since the Howard game and the backs were simply up to snuff. Reynolds ran the team well, but the entire varsity put up a fine exhibition of all-round, consistent work, while the scrubs upon whom most of the honor of having a good team rests, showed they were amply able to fill the vacant places on varsity next year.

The time of halves were to be 25-15, but the second was shortened by Gordon's subs giving out.

#### THE DETAILS—FIRST HALF.

Auburn kicked off at 3:30 to Gordon's 15 yard line, and they return 20 yards. McWhorter went around right for 2, Minnehan fails to gain, and Gordon punts 30 yards, Herrin returning 15. Penton is run six successive times for a total of 36 yards and a touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal.

Auburn 6, Gordon 0.

Gordon kicks off to Auburn's 7 yard line and McCoy returns 20; McCoy goes for 5, Penton over for 18. McCoy fails to gain but "Pent" goes them for 5 more, then 1 and 8; Herrin goes around left for 10, Penton gets 8, Herrin 12 more, and Penton's backs 5 time for 42 yards and a touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal.

Score: Auburn 12. Gordon 0.

Auburn kicked off to Gordon's 10 yard line, and Gordon returns 10. Then Woodburn executed a lightning forward pass to McWhorter who made a beautiful run of 70 yards to a touchdown. Gordon fails to kick goal.

Auburn 12. Gordon 5.

Gordon kick off to Auburn's 13 yard line and "Floss" returns 20. Penton goes over for 10, Herrin gets 25, and "Pent" 21 on two bucks, then Herrin goes for 10,

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Auburn kicked off at 3:30 to Gordon's 15 yard line, and they return 20 yards. McWhorter went around right for 2, Minnehan fails to gain, and Gordon punts 30 yards, Herrin returning 15. Penton is run six successive times for a total of 36 yards and a touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal.

Auburn 6, Gordon 0.

Gordon kicks off to Auburn's 7 yard line and McCoy returns 20; McCoy goes for 5, Penton over for 18. McCoy fails to gain but "Pent" goes them for 5 more, then 1 and 8, Herrin goes around left for 10, Penton gets 8, Herrin 12 more, and Penton's backs 5 time for 42 yards and a touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal.

Score: Auburn 12. Gordon 0.

Auburn kicked off to Gordon's 10 yard line, and Gordon returns 10. Then Woodburn executed a lightning forward pass to McWhorter who made a beautiful run of 70 yards to a touchdown. Gordon fails to kick goal.

Auburn 12. Gordon 5.

Gordon kick off to Auburn's 13 yard line and "Floss" returns 20. Penton goes over for 10, Herrin gets 25, and "Pent" 21 on two bucks, then Herrin goes for 10,



and "old warhorse" goes 8 in two bucks for a touchdown. "Floss" kicks goal.

Score: Auburn 18, Gordon 5.

Gordon kicks to 15 yard line, Reynolds returns 20. "Pent" goes for 12, Herrin fails to gain and Auburn punts 40 yards. Gordon failing to return. Minnehan goes 5 and then 3. Gordon's kick is blocked, but they recover. McWhorter goes for 2 and Minnehan for 3. Gordon punts outside Auburn's ball. Penton goes for 20, McCoy fails to gain. Penton goes for 15 then 12. McCoy goes 20. Then on 3 bucks Penton goes 9 yards for his fourth touchdown. "Floss" kicks goal.

Score: Auburn 24, Gordon 5.

Auburn kicks off to Gordon's 10 yard line and they return 10 yards. A forward pass nets 25 and Carey falls to gain. Herrin gets the ball on an outside kick by Gordon, and then goes for 5. Auburn is penalized 5 yards for being off side. Reynolds punts 40 yards. Gordon returning 5 yards. Minnehan goes then for 4, McWhorter goes for 5 and Gordon tries onside kick. Reynolds getting ball and returning 30. "Pent" goes for 5 and Herrin fails. An onside kick nets 25 yards and Penton goes 10 yards. Reynolds fumbles. Half up.

Score: Auburn 24, Gordon 5.

### SECOND HALF.

Gordon's boots to 15 yard line, Reynolds returns 20. Harns at left-half goes for 20, Herrin ups off 30. A forward pass takes 4 and McCoy at full goes for 12. "Rabbit" gets 8 and McCoy 10 to a touchdown. "Floss" kicks goal.

Score: Auburn 30, Gordon 5.

Powell goes in at quarter. Auburn kicks to 25 yard line, Gordon returns 9. McWhorter and Carey fail and Gordan punts 40, Harris returning 5, and then ripping 5 around right. Caton at full goes 7. Swart at right-half thrown for 1 yard, loss. Caton goes for 8, Swart for 5 and Caton for 12. "Rabbit" goes 15 in two, and

and "old warhorse" goes 8 in two bucks for a touchdown. "Floss" kicks goal.

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Swart goes 8, Caton 1, then 10, and Harris 7, then Caton 9 in two tries for a touchdown. Powell kicks goal.

Score Auburn 36, Gordon 5.

Auburn on kick off kicks to 5 yard line, Gordon man knocking ball outside. Gordon fails to gain and punts 40, Swart returning 15. Swart goes for 10 and Caton gets 8, 10, and 10 for a touchdown. Powell fails to kick goal.

Score: Auburn 41 to Gordon 5.

Gordon boots to 20 yard line, Powell returns 10, Swart goes for 25, and "Rabbit" 2, then 3. Hall at full tears off 20, and Swart goes 35 yards for a touchdown. Powell fails at goal.

Score: Auburn 46, Gordon 5.

Gordon boots to 30 yard line, Shirley returns 12 yards. Forward pass Swart to Harris netted 30 yards. Onside kick netted 12 yards. Noble getting ball, then the game was called.

Score: Auburn 46 to Gordon 5.

#### LINE-UP:

Beaver, Caton, Savelle.....C.....	Henderson
Cogdell, Melton, Thigpen R.G.....	Martin
Locke, Allen, O'Niel .....L.G.....	McRae, Borgenson
Esslinger, Locke .....R.T.....	Thrash
Harmon, Shirley .....L.T.....	Whatley
Banks, Swart, Noble .....R.E.....	Nicholson
Hill, Davis .....L.E.....	Woodhaven, Hawkins
Herrin, Swart .....R.H.....	McWhorter (Capt.)
McCoy, Harris .....L.H.....	Carey, Johnson
Penton, McCoy, Hall, .....F.B.....	Minnehan, Switzer
Caton, Majors	

Reynolds, Powell .....Q.....Hayes

Referee, McQueen. Umpire, Stakely. Headlinesman, Stokes. Timekeepers: Henson, Auburn; Jackson, Gordon.

*Porter and Powell.*

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CRY OF THE SCRUBS.

---

I want to be a hero  
And with the heroes stand.  
A wealth of hair upon my head  
And a football in my hand.

I want my bones all broken,  
I want my eyes both blacked  
And I would have my head bumped  
Until my skull is cracked.

I want to be a hero,  
So I can come out each day,  
And practice in the afternoon  
So I can learn to play.

But all I get is scratches,  
They won't give me the ball.  
My bones won't break, my hair is short  
I'm just a scrub, that's all.

P. B. B. '12.

---

HOWARD VS. AUBURN.

---

Howard rather surprised the football world by holding Auburn to a score of eleven to nothing. The general opinion was that Auburn would make about four touchdowns, and the fact that she failed to do so was rather a disappointment to Auburn supporters. Undoubtedly Auburn was rather slow in waking up to the strength of the Howard team, which is stronger this year than ever before.

Auburn's defensive work throughout the game was good—not once did Howard make first down. However, it was only during the last five minutes of play that the team fully waked up and showed its ability on offense.

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The last five minutes, however, was genuine football and gave promise of a strong team.

The game in detail is as follows:

Captain Denny of Howard, won the toss and decided to kick off. Captain Reynolds decided to defend the East goal.

Denny kicked off, J. Davis caught the ball on the 15 yard line and advanced it ten yards. Penton goes thru right tackle for ten more. McCoy circled right end for 14 yards. Reynolds fumbled and Beng fell on the ball. Howard fumbled on first play and Auburn recovered ball. Penton ploughs through for twelve yards. Auburn again fumbles and it's Howard's ball on Auburn's forty yard line. Two downs and no gain, then a fumble—Auburn's ball. Reynolds goes round left end for fifteen yards. Then around right for four. A quarter back kick to Banks gets fifteen more. Auburn was penalized five yards for off side. Penton bucked for twelve yards. Davis made three around left end. The ball was on Howard's twenty-five yard line.

Reynolds tried a forward pass but Davis missed the ball and it bounded over the goal line. Burns fell on it for a touch-back. Howard's ball on its 15 yard line. Wickham punted thirty yards. Reynolds made a pretty catch but was downed in his tracks. McCoy gained five yards around right end. A quarter-back kick gave the ball to Howard. Wickham punted thirty yards outside. Reynolds punts thirty yards and man was downed in his tracks. Howard's ball on her 25 yard line. Wickham punted thirty yards and Reynolds who caught the ball made a sensational run of thirty-five yards through the broken field. Auburn was penalized fifteen yards for tripping. A quarter-back kick went over Howard's goal line and the ball was brought to the twenty-five yard line.

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a loss of eight yards. Reynolds punted over the goal line, registering the second touch-down of the game. Wickham punted thirty yards from 15-yard line. Reynolds tried a quarter-back kick, but Burns caught the ball and was downed by Hill. Time was call with it Howard's ball on their fifteen yard line.

#### SECOND HALF.

Reynolds kicked off for forty yards. Wickham caught the kick-off and returned the ball for thirty-five yards. Denny bucked the line for three yards. Burns was thrown for a loss of two yards. Wickham punted forty yards. McCoy fumbled the ball, but recovered it near the thirty-five yard line. Penton gained through the line five yards; then goes for six more. Auburn was penalized five yards for an off-side play. Burns fumbled the ball and Esslinger fell on the ball. Penton gained fifteen yards. Davis circled left end for five more. The Howard line held.

A quarter-back kick gave Howard the ball on her fifteen yard line. Wickham punted forty yards to Reynolds. McCoy circled right end for twenty yards. Penton and Reynolds failed to gain. A quarter-back kick was tried and in the scramble that followed Esslinger fell on the ball. Penton made first down in three bucks. Penton plunged through the line for 5 and then 3. Howard was penalized five yards for an off-side play placing the ball on her six yard line. In two downs Penton carried the ball over for the first touch-down. Reynolds missed an easy goal.

Score: Auburn 5, Howard 0.

Denny kicked off for thirty yards, Reynolds caught the ball and gained five yards. Herron fumbled at the next down, but Noble fell on the ball. Penton hit the line for eight yards. Reynolds punted forty-five yards outside. Howard's ball on its twenty yard line. On the next play Howard tried a forward pass, but the ball struck the ground. It was brought back without pen-

a loss of eight yards. Reynolds punted over the goal line, registering the second touch-down of the game. Wickham punted thirty yards from 15-yard line. Reynolds tried a quarter-back kick, but Burns caught the ball and was downed by Hill. Time was call with it Howard's ball on their fifteen yard line.

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alty. Another forward pass, Denny to Hollingsworth, netted Howard eight yards. Burns was downed by Hill for a ten-yard loss. Wickham punted thirty-five yards to Reynolds.

Howard held Auburn for two downs. Reynolds tried a quarter-back kick. Burns caught the ball but fumbled and Esslinger fell on the ball. On this play Harmon and McIntyre came to blows. They were quickly separated and both men were put out of the game by the referee. G. Davis was shifted from center to tackler for Auburn and Beaver took Davis' place at center. Berry was switched to end for Howard in McIntyre's place and C. Burns went in at left tackle.

Penton made first down in three bucks. Again he carried the ball ten yards in three downs. Herron cleared two yards around right end. Penton bucked for five. Howard was penalized five yards.

This gave Auburn first down, with the ball on Howard's eight yard line. On the first down Howard's line held. Penton gained five and then went over the goal for the second touch-down. Reynolds kicked goal.

Score: Auburn 11, Howard 0.

Denny kicked off the ball going over the goal line. J. Davis, who was switched from half to full in Penton's place, bucked Howard's line for a total gain of sixty yards in six downs. Herron circled right end for fifteen yards. Herron gained nine more. Time was called with Auburn having the ball on Howard's fifteen yard line.

Final score: Auburn 11, Howard 0.

The linings of the two teams was as follows: Auburn: J. G. Davis, Beava, center; Locke, Cogdell, left guard; Harmon, J. G. Davis, left tackle; Hill, left end; Allen, right guard; Esslinger, right tackle; Banks, Noble, right end; Reynolds, quarterback; McCoy, Herron, left half-back; J. Davis, Harris, right half-back; Penton, J. Davis, full-back.

Howard: Vaughn, center; Britton, left guard; Berry;

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C. Burns, left tackle; McIntyre, Berry, left guard; Brewer, right guard; Williams, right tackle; Hudnall, right end; W. Burn, quarter-back; Wickham, left half-back; Hollingsworth, right halfback; Denny, fullback.

---

AN "A."

---

His jersey may be black and red,  
His letter may be "G;"  
Or yet his skull cap may be white,  
On it an old gold "T."

His "S" may stand for Sewanee,  
The purple and the white.  
He may sport "V" for Vanderbilt,  
These men *may* be all right.

But if he wears a sweater blue  
On it an orange "A"  
We do not doubt his virtues true,  
We *know* that man's O. K.

Alex Hicks, '11.

---

AUBURN VS. MERCER.

---

Auburn defeated Mercer on Oct. 16th, by the score of 23 to 5.

Reynolds for Auburn kicked two field goals in the first half, but Auburn was unable to gain through Mercer's line. On a forward pass in the first half, from Beaver to Poole, Mercer scored from the 15 yard line. Binion failed to kick goal.

The second half opened with Auburn receiving. Auburn rushed Mercer's center and tackle for a touchdown in five minutes. No goal. Penton for Auburn scored two more touchdowns on line bucks in the second half, goal being kicked on both.

C. Burns, left tackle; McIntyre, Berry, left guard; Brewer, right guard; Williams, right tackle; Hudnall, right end; W. Burn, quarter-back; Wickham, left half-back; Hollingsworth, right halfback; Denny, fullback.

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His letter may be "G;"  
Or yet his skull cap may be white,  
On it an old gold "T."

His "S" may stand for Sewanee,  
The purple and the white.  
He may sport "V" for Vanderbilt,  
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Mercer had several good chances to score in the second half, but lost the hold in each instance. The Mercer team kicked repeatedly in the last half. The Mercer stars were Binion, Poole, Jacobs and Scoggins.

For Auburn the stars were Reynolds and Penton.

The lineups were as follows:

<i>Mercer</i>		<i>Auburn.</i>
Cougar	C	Beaver
Ed. Poole	R.G.	Allen
Scoggins	L.G.	Cogdell
Dunnaway	R.T.	Locke
Gillespie	L.T.	Harmon
B. Poole	R.E.	Bouner, Noble
Mosely, Wood, Grice	L.E.	Hill
Zellars	Q.	Reynolds
Griffeth	R.H.	Herron
Binion	L.H.	Harris
Jacobs	F.B.	Penton

Goals from field: Reynolds (2). Touchdowns, Penton (3). Poole. Time of halves, 25 minutes each. Referee—George Butler. Umpire—Chif Roberts. Head Linesman—W. T. Wheeler.

---

## YELLS.

### I.

What's the matter with Auburn  
 Ho! ha! hay!  
 She's O. K.  
 Auburn—Auburn—  
 Ho! ha! hay!  
 Rickety yak! yak! Rickety yak! yak!  
 Zip rah! Zip rah!  
 Here we are! Here we are!  
 Auburn—Auburn—Auburn.

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Ho! ha! hay!

Rickety yak! yak! Rickety yak! yak!

Zip rah! Zip rah!

Here we are! Here we are!

Auburn—Auburn—Auburn.



## II.

Nigger! nigger! hoe potatoe  
 Half past alligator  
 Ram! ram! Bully nigger  
 Chich wah dah!  
 Auburn Tigers! sis! boom! bah!

## III.

Isky wow—wow—wow—  
 Osky wow—wow—wow—  
 Skinny wow—wow—wow—  
 Auburn!

## IV.

Hypity hop—hypity hop!  
 Where's Auburn?—On the top!  
 Hypity whoop! Hypity whoop!  
 Where's ( ? )—in the soup!  
 S—O—U—P      C—O—U—P  
 Soup—Soup—Soup.

## V.

Sky Rocket  
 (Whistle)  
 Boom!  
 Auburn!

## VI.

With a vie—vo—vi—vum  
 With a vi—vo—vie—vum  
 Johnny had a rat-trap  
 Bigger than a cat-trap—Bum!  
 Hannibal! Cannibal! sis boom bah!  
 Auburn Tigers! rah! rah! rah!

## VII.

Auburn—Auburn—is our cry  
 V—I—C—T—O—R—Y!

## II.

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## VII.

Auburn—Auburn—is our cry  
 V—I—C—T—O—R—Y!

## ORANGE AND BLUE

## VIII.

Well!—Well!—well!  
 You—can't—tell!  
 We might beat ( ? ) all to—  
 Well!—Well!—Well!

## IX.

Hullabaloo!—conneck!—conneck!  
 Hullabaloo!—conneck!—conneck!  
 Wa he! wa hi!  
 Tigers! Tigers! rah! rah!  
 Ching! Ching! chow! chow!  
 Boom! Boom! bow! wow!  
 Auburn!

## X.

Hell's broke loose! Hell's broke loose!  
 Here we come in a big caboose!  
 Rooters! Tooters—here we are  
 Auburn Tigers—sis boom bah!

## XI.

Auburn—Auburn—Auburn  
 Auburn! Auburn! rah! rah!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Auburn!

## XII.

Ching-al-aug-a! ching-al-aug-a! chow!  
 chow! chow!  
 Boom-al-aug-a! Boom-al-aug-a! bow!  
 wow! wow!  
 Ching-al-aug-a! Boom-al-aug-a! Who are we?  
 Auburn Tigers—Can't you see?

## XIII.

1—2—3—4  
 4—3—2—4  
 Who in the hell are we for!  
 Auburn!

## VIII.

Well!—Well!—well!  
 You—can't—tell!  
 We might beat ( ? ) all to—  
 Well!—Well!—Well!

## IX.

Hullabaloo!—conneck!—conneck!  
 Hullabaloo!—conneck!—conneck!  
 Wa he! wa hi!  
 Tigers! Tigers! rah! rah!  
 Ching! Ching! chow! chow!  
 Boom! Boom! bow! wow!  
 Auburn!

## X.

Hell's broke loose! Hell's broke loose!  
 Here we come in a big caboose!  
 Rooters! Tooters—here we are  
 Auburn Tigers—sis boom bah!

## XI.

Auburn—Auburn—Auburn  
 Auburn! Auburn! rah! rah!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Auburn!

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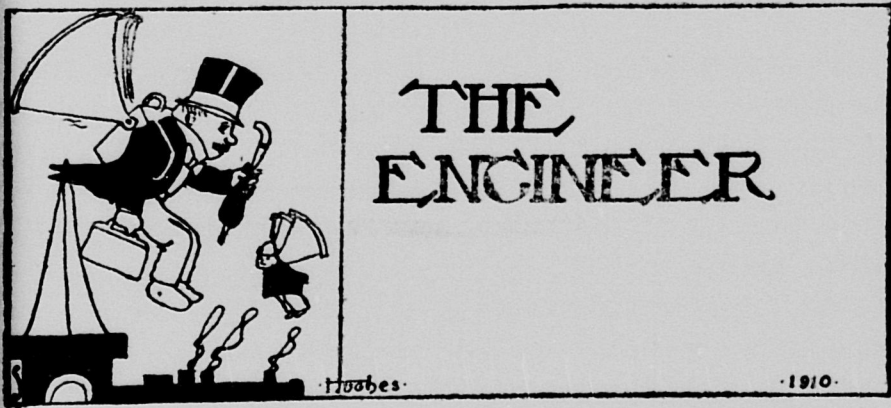
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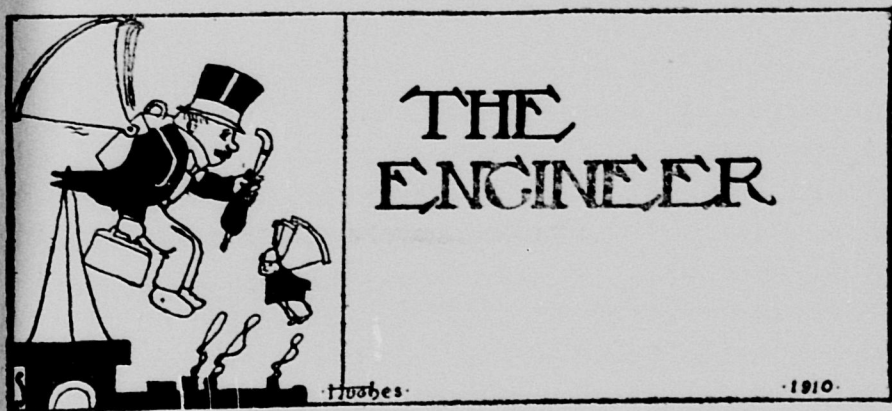
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A. L. YOUNG, Editor.

## EARLY EGYPTIAN TOMBS AND THEIR VALUE TO ARCHITECTURE.

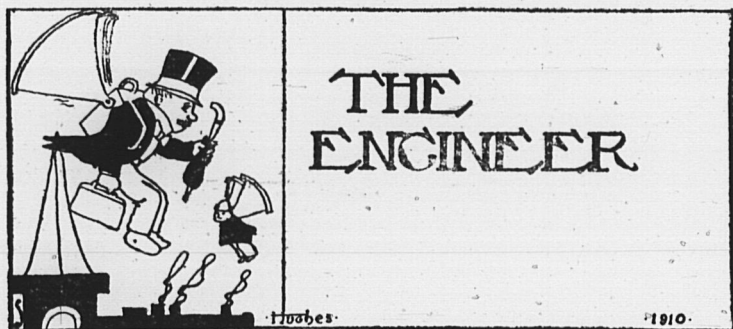
Architecture, the art of building beautifully, is an art older than its history but which since the date of our earliest record of it has been commonly regulated by some principles of hereditary imitation. Whatever rude structure the climate and materials of any country have obliged its early inhabitants to adapt for their temporary shelters, the same structure, with all its prominent features, has been afterwards in some measure kept in view by their refined and opulent posterity. This has been closely marked by the imitation of early structures in Egypt where the surpassing glory of her kings was the tomb. The early inhabitants of Egypt thought little of life in which they were engaged but attached great importance to the appointment of their burial places, and as a result we are left many pyramids scattered throughout the length and breadth of Egypt. Besides the pyramidal sepulchres, tombs were hewn from the solid rock on the west side of the valley of the River Nile. Both are in general devoid of ornament and, therefore, have little architectural value, but some are decorated by carved and painted scenes which were placed upon the



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walls and thought to ward off the evil spirits and to solace the soul until it reached the final sun of night. This elaborate decoration intended to be forever shut in from the human eye attests the sincerity of Egyptian beliefs and the consciousness of the art which it inspired. Little attempt was made toward an elaborate exterior but some times statues of the builders were seated on either side of the doorway.

The fundamental motive of the pyramid is the funeral mound; a mere upheaval of earth, a result in itself of the bulk of earth displaced by the body. They are included among the most ancient buildings of which we have any remains, and yet in point of magnitude are by far the most marvelous works of mankind. There is little architectural art about them, but the skill shown in their building entitles them to first place in a record of ancient structures. Their perfect geometric form leads to believe that they were constructed according to certain geometrical and astronomical calculations. In most of them the joints are not filled with any mortar and yet the stones are so perfectly fitted together that a sheet of paper could not be placed between them.

Besides the structural tombs were those formed by excavation in the solid rock wall on the west bank of the River Nile, required by tradition to face the East so the end would point toward the eternal sun of night. In some columns were reserved in cutting away the rock for the exterior.

Both pyramids and rock cut tombs were symbols of simplicity and yet some of the motifs used have been sounded down the corridors of time until their echoes reach the present day.

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The first page of the leaflet bore the modest title, "A Few Near Thoughts Mostly Evolved from the Inner Consciousness of Tom Riggold." The following are extracts:

Take the Inspector home to dinner with you occasionally.

Who's the Boss? You, or your business?

Never talk to a woman through an ink bottle.

A crook is a crook regardless of his crooking.

Ordered your 1910 airship yet?

'Tis a wise man that knows the lowest price.

The tide never goes out so far it can't get back. Business never gets so low it can't return to its normal level.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard. Learn her ways and be wise." Yes, and if you will give a little more attention to the "Ante" you will be wiser.

Mary had a little lamb

Its legs were long and slender;

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to 'tend her.

Just like a woman—always got to have something tagging around after her. Ever tag?

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." But you can do it in five if you use wiring devices.

Know more than your employees!

Why is a man "all in" when he is all out?

"I'd like to give you the job Old Man, but your price is high. Now if you can shave it a bit, to meet the other fellow, I'll see what I can do, etc."

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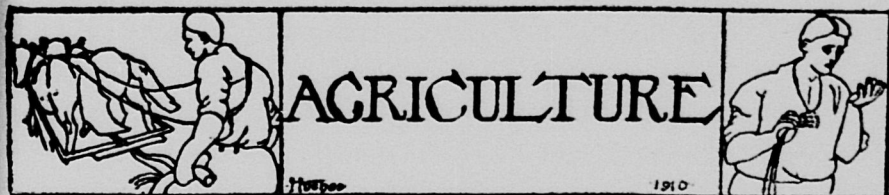
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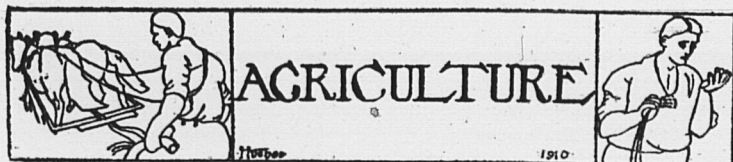


D. J. BURLESON, Editor.

## THE EFFECT OF DIVERSIFIED LABOR ON AGRICULTURE.

There was a time in the dim past when each man did practically the same kind of work as his neighbor. There was no diversification of labor. There was no inducements for the people of a community to trade with each other, for there was no variation in their products. In fact, each family produced its own food, clothing, and shelter—everything that its simple mode of living demanded. Under such conditions it was impossible for the people to feel that inter-dependence which is felt in a nation where labor is highly diversified, because each man's interests narrowed down to his own family. If some great destructive agent swept one locality it was of no economical importance to any other locality. The people of each locality lived, so to speak, in a world to themselves. It is evident that no cities or towns could be built under such a social condition, for there was no exchange of products. This is what we call a savage condition.

Such a condition existed in America before the coming of the white man. But what a wonderful change three hundred years has brought to this continent! During the Colonial Period the social life of the settlers was far above that of the savage, but labor was only slightly diversified. In most of the colonies agriculture was almost the universal occupation. As late as 1790, after the Colonial Period had passed, less than three and a half



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per cent. of our population lived in cities of over eight thousand inhabitants. Since that the percentage of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits has been steadily decreasing. This is due to the fact that labor has been constantly growing more and more diversified. The growth of mining, manufacturing, and commercial industries has been truly marvelous. For example, the amount of pig iron produced in 1880 was four million tons. In 1900 it had risen to thirteen million tons.

Now, these startling figures might cause one to ask how it is that our agricultural population, constantly decreasing in proportion to our total population, is to produce food for our rapidly increasing millions. A study of our conditions will show how it is that our agricultural population has been meeting the demands of diversified labor. It has been said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." Diversified labor has literally compelled us to increase our farm products as compared to the number of farmers. George K. Holmes of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, says that from 1855 to 1894 the time of human labor required to produce one bushel of corn, on an average, decreased from four and a half hours to forty minutes. This was because inventors had given to the farmers of 1894 the gang plow, the corn planter and the disc harrow; because they had given him the self binder drawn by horses to cut and bind the stalks; a machine for removing the husks and cutting the stalks, blades, and husks for feeding; a machine which will shell one bushel of corn per minute instead of the old way in which one hundred minutes was required to do the same work. It required eighteen times as much human labor in 1830 to produce a bushel of wheat as it did in 1894. Diversified labor has also compelled our farmers to make live stock do much of the work that was formerly done by man.

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Diversified labor has so far increased the demands for a greater productive power that a kind of selection is being carried on. The price of land has risen so much that the non-progressive farmer must seek some other occupation. It is evident that each farmer must be constantly increasing his productive power, or give place to "the man who knows."

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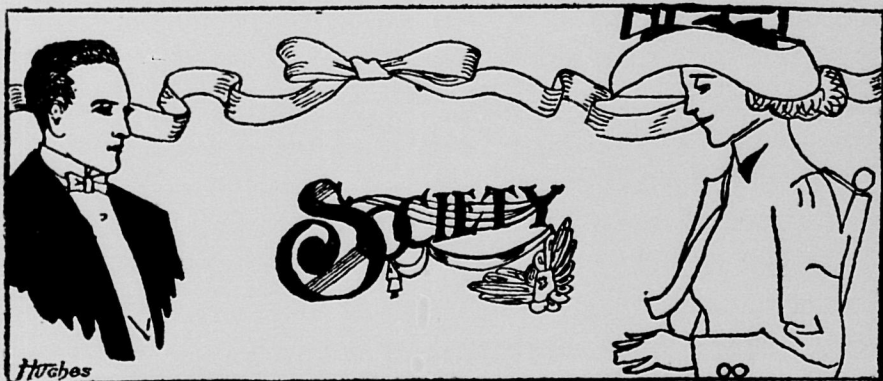
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W. M. Avery and J. A. Parrish met Misses Clyde Park and Myrtle Avery at the train on Sunday afternoon, the 17th, and showed them over the city. Miss Avery has a brother in college. She and Miss Park were in the class with Mr. Parrish in Roanoke Normal College, where they graduated. After seeing the city the party went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gay Avery, where all had a most delightful time until 8 o'clock Sunday night, when the young ladies left for Lanett, where they will teach this year. Like all who come to Auburn, they were delighted with the place. Those who met the fair visitors will be glad when they visit Auburn again.

Miss Sarah Pearce of Shreveport, La., who was formerly one of our Co-eds., has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Myrick, here in Auburn.

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### THENDARA DANCE.

The Thendara Club entertained most delightfully at a dance on Friday, October 22nd, at the college gymnasium. Delicious fruit punch was served throughout the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. Thach, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Buckhanan, Mrs. Mitcham and Mrs. Wilmore.

The dance was quite a success and the Thendaras proved themselves ideal hosts. The grand march was led by Mr. Lathrop and Miss Torbert of LaFayette, assisted by Mr. Bob Wright and Miss Anna Wilmore. Miss Torbert was gowned in blue messalin and Miss Wilmore wore an elegant gown made up of old rose messalin. The guests were Misses Edwards, Derrelle Barnes, Iola Barnes and Julia Griffin from Opelika, Miss Torbert from LaFayette, Miss Lucy Dillard of Georgia, and Miss Wilkerson of San Antonio, Tex., Misses Anna Wilmore, Ruth Trayler, Anna Frazer, McPherson, Louie Dillard and Lottie Lane of Auburn, Miss Louise Hare of Tuskegee.



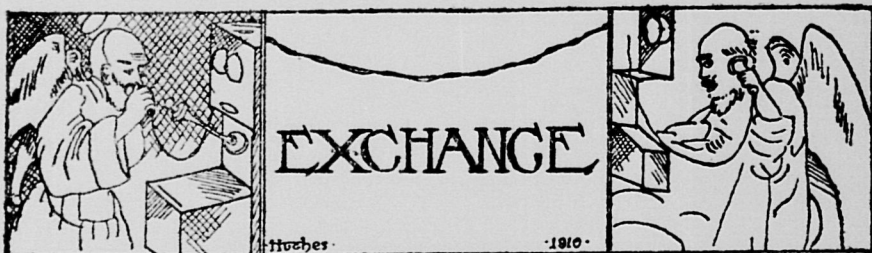


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R. S. BOYD, Editor.

The Harvard Lampoon is the best exchange that we have received so far.

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We wish to acknowledge receipt of The Red and Black, The Hustler, The Revielle, The Crimson and White, The Harvard Lampoon, The Hollins Quarterly, Side Lights, The Boy's Banner, The Gamelead, and The High School Record.

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Wanted by Company K.—An ear trumpet for Sergeant Francis.

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Wanted by Col. Patrick—Thirty-six Corporals.

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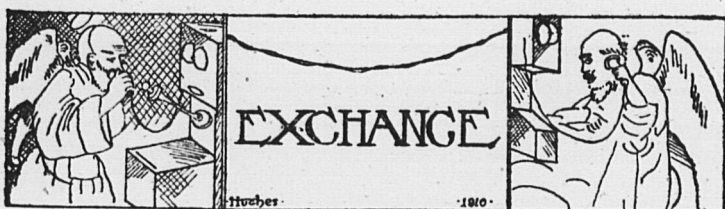
WE ALL KNOW 'EM.

There is a man in our town, his like is hardly known,  
He never drinks nor smokes nor swears, and always stays  
at home,

He never chews nor lies nor fibs nor does a thing that's  
wrong,

That's why I write this little verse, to remember him  
in song.

He's paralyzed.



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There is another man in town who also is all right,  
His wife can always tell you where you'll find him any  
night,  
He never flirted, praised nor fawned upon a maiden fair,  
Won't even look at beauty, nor at wealth of golden hair.  
He's blind.

There's a man who lives on Coy Hill Street, won't listen  
to a thing,  
The gossips may keep gossiping until they make things  
ring,  
Won't go to hear good preaching, nor music, nor the band  
Won't cross the street if Sembrich were singing at the  
"Grand."  
He's deaf.

There also was a man in town who combines them all  
above,  
And went a step beyond them—wouldn't even fall in love,  
He was a model won for sure, as you may well suspect,  
Belonged to a peculiar class—just one of the Elect.  
He's dead.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

---

There was a young lady named Banker,  
Who slept while the ship was at anchor;  
She woke in dismay, for she heard the mate say,  
Now hoist the top sheet and spanker.

—Ex.

---

'RAH! 'RAH! 'RAH!

"Are they college men?"

"No, merely college boys. Just Freshmen."

"Ah! they are not the finished product."

"No, merely 'Rah material."—Ex.

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## A HARD LESSON.

Smith—"Studying hard Strong?"

Kuntry—"You bet. Why, I stayed up till two this morning studying how to get out of drill tomorrow."

## COULDN'T SPARE IT.

Landlady—"Pay your board or leave!"

Student—"I will leave. I'm saving my money to bet on Auburn, when we play Vanderbilt."

## RECOGNIZING THE SYMPTOMS.

Percy—"Um—er—er—ah—I want—er—ur a—"

Jeweler—"Certainly, sir. Samuel, bring me that tray of engagement rings."—Ex.

## USELESS.

"Mildred," murmured a fashionable young man sinking on one knee, "for your birthday gift I offer myself."

"Thank you," was the cold reply, "but I only accept useful presents."—Ex.

During the recent cold snap John Blake called on a young lady. About 10:30 that night the fire burned low and conversation waned and so this conversation took place to break the stillness of night and put both at their ease:

She—"Mr. Blake, will you kindly put on a piece of fuel to make a big combustion?"

John—"I don't understand the mode of your Soparanda."

She—"Put on a piece of lightwood, fool!"

Last Sunday night "Dick" Richardson was out in society. About 11 o'clock the young lady's father bawled out:

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Last Sunday night "Dick" Richardson was out in society. About 11 o'clock the young lady's father bawled out:



"Mr. Richardson, did you know that's bed-time?"

"Dick"—"Yes, sir, but I was afraid to tell your daughter to get off my hat on which she has been sitting for two hours for fear she would get mad at me."

Old Man—"In the future, hang your hat on the rack, where it belongs, instead of keeping it in your lap."

---

Lane Davis would like to know why certain boys can't see as big a thing as a man in a ditch at night before they fill in on him.

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If the O. and B. you do not take,  
Don't show your teeth like some old rake,  
Don't get cracked like some old crock,  
And for goodness sake—don't knock!

If this paper you do not want  
Don't be one of those that grunt.  
Don't squeel like an old rat;  
Be a loyal student—"Stand pat."

—Ex.



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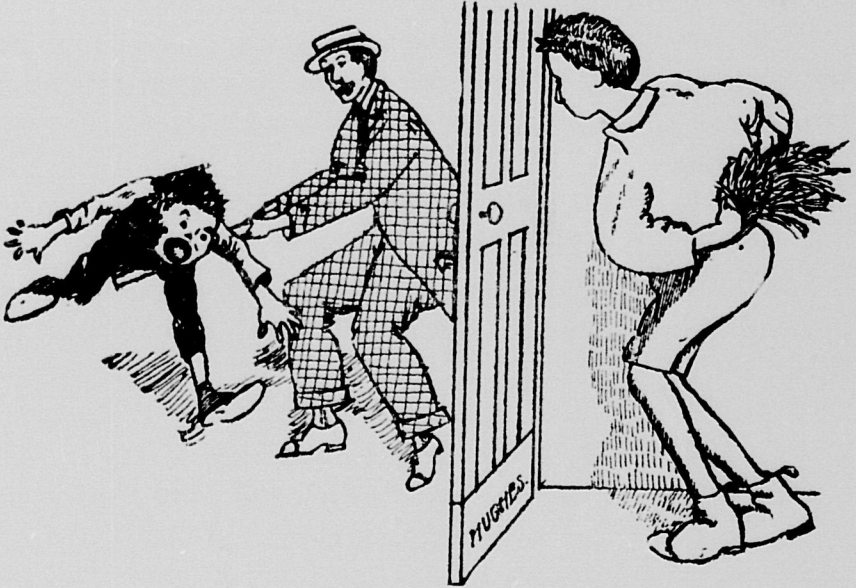
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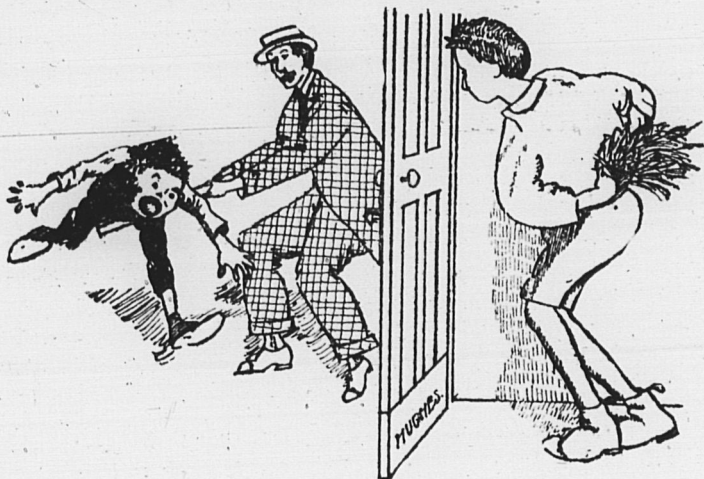
### REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-RAT.

I was the Rodent from Ratville,  
 You read about last year;  
 I served my turn in "Slatville,"  
 And now I have no fear.

When I came I was so credulous,  
 The "Uppers" found me a snap,  
 My habits then were not sedulous  
 After they applied the strap.

Ere long they danced and sang me,  
 Till I dreamed I was on the stage.  
 And now you can take and hang me,  
 If I haven't become a "sage."

To my dummy darling I made love,  
 And caroled my sweetest song,  
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Thank Heaven the agony's over now,  
And I can have some fun;  
I'll show the Freshies all just how,  
My spurs I proudly won.

Now Ratties you may all "be good,"  
That matters naught to me,  
I'll show you how to saw my wood,  
Just as 'twas taught to me.

I'll march you round the campus ground,  
With coats turned inside out,  
And woe be he that can be found,  
That bucks at this new bout.

The lordly Soph. you must respect,  
In every place you go,  
If this one duty you neglect,  
Your cake will be all dough.

—Ex.

---

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

W. W. G., '10.

In spite of the fact that the great blaze of football enthusiasm has kindled in the heart of every true Auburn man, and the success of our team is the first consideration just at present; the Websterian Literary Society has found time to get together and elect W. F. Murphy and T. M. Francis to represent us in the annual Thanksgiving debate with the Wirt Society.

Considerable interest is usually manifested in this public contest of the two societies, and as our worthy competitors have also elected two excellent speakers, a lively fusilade may be expected. The honors of this contest in the past have been about equally divided and it will be a neck and neck race this time to see who shall

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take the lead. Already the debators on both sides have gone to work and we hope to make this contest a most worthy Thanksgiving celebration.

The doors of our society are still wide open to any who care to take part in this work; and we feel sure that no man can get the true worth of college life unless he enters its manysided phases, literary society work being one of the most important factors.

---

### A LESSON ON OXYGEN.

F. C. D., '12.

Professor's looking happy now,  
No quiz for us today,  
Now sit up, boys, and try to hear  
All that he has to say.

Within a jar of oxygen,  
A lighted match is laid,  
And as the gas grows less and less,  
A popping sound is made.

The students make with tongue and mouth  
A sound of this same kind,  
Professor only smiles the more  
And does not seem to mind.

"O you whose heads are oxidizers,"  
He says unto the boys,  
"Observe, the less there is inside,  
The louder is the noise."

Professor sit up straight and tall,  
He's making oxygen  
"Now pay attention, boys," says he,  
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He has the gas in big glass globe,  
He looks quite wise and grand,  
He moves a little, but oh! alas!  
The globe slips from his hand.

It rolls from off the table,  
The boys laugh and shout,  
They jump upon the benches now,  
And throw their caps about.

Professor turns, he jumps, he stares,  
And what a look he gave,  
"And now you'll have a quiz," he says  
"Because you can't behave."

---

#### WIRT SOCIETY.

J. A. P.

On account of an entertainment being in Langdon Hall at 8 o'clock p. m. Saturday, the sixteenth, the meeting was held at 3 p. m. The program was a debating contest to decide upon speakers for the annual Thanksgiving debate between the two societies of the college. Quite a number tried for places. After the debate an election was held and Messrs. M. M. Caldwell and W. Hodges were elected to represent the society in the Thanksgiving contest. All the speakers showed up well, but Mr. Eskew deserves much credit for the speech he made. Rumors of battle are heard from the foe so often fought in the past. We are anticipating a warm time when "Greek meets Greek" in the hall to measure swords upon the debating arena.

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## THE POWER OF A KISS.

S. P. P., '11.

'Twas seen one morn' 'fore day did break,  
A soldier stout and strong  
Leaped from his bed and changed attire  
To join an angry throng.

He seized his mother 'round the neck  
And kissed away the tears  
For he to war and she to prayer  
Would be, for many years.

Assuring mother of good conduct,  
And father of highest aim,  
He bade them both a fond farewell  
And kissed them once again.

He strode away with manly step  
Far down the narrow lane,  
To say a word to one he loved,  
To bid farewell to Jane.

She looked as fresh as morning dew,  
Her hair fell down in curls,  
To him, she was most dear,  
The Queen of all the girls.

Her cheeks were wet with flowing tears  
And burned with purest love,  
She made such plea for him to stay,  
He thought her inspired from above.

The sun came up from in the east,  
And now 'twas time to go  
He clasped her hand and kissed her thrice  
Because he loved her so.

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Their hands were fast, their grip secure,  
They sang a familiar lay,  
He started off,—their arms stretched forth  
For miles and miles away.

She stood, and gazed, and wept, and sobbed  
For everything seemed wrong  
She wondered why their arms had grown  
To be so very long.

When he, at last, had disappeared  
Her head dropped in her arm,  
She wondered if its slender form  
Would do some person harm.

It barred the road and spanned the river  
And crossed the street car tracks,  
It lay across the railroad rails  
And stopped all cars and hacks.

A whizzing auto came along  
It was a narrow pass,  
The auto struck the slender arm  
'Twas crushed into a mass.

A steamboat stirred the brimming river  
With many supplies for war,  
It rushes against the mighty arm  
And wrecked, as the "Auto" car.

A street car, with a jolly crowd,  
Came buzzing down the street,  
A clash, a sigh, a moan, a groan,  
And they their fate did meet.

A railway train gave one long blow  
And struck the savage hands

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Which strewed the rended flesh of men  
Throughout the different lands.

Along the crowded streets were teams  
Which could not pass the arms.  
Without their grains and table food  
They went back to their farms.

Chisels were used on the blended hands  
To clear the way for all,  
But naught could move the hard clinched hands.  
This caused a mighty brawl.

The angry crowd did curse to see  
That things were in such state,  
For thousands were held away,  
And hundreds had met their fate.

At last there came a brave young man,  
And kissed the lady's hand,  
With lightning speed it was withdrawn  
And quiet was the band.

The teams went by, the streets were cleared,  
The cars moved on their way,  
And all went home with troubled thought  
About this fatal day.

At last the youth returned to home  
For toils of war were o'er,  
The same girl met him with greetings true,  
As true as e'er before.

One summer eve when all was still  
They sat beneath the shade  
And with a low and tender voice  
This speech to her he made:

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This speech to her he made:

"Oh! may our hearts forever beat  
As true as they beat now  
For God gives not two earthly lives,  
Nor does dissensions allow.

"And let our wills be strong as steel,  
Our aims high as the stars,  
Our bond as firm as the grip of our hands  
Till we reach Heaven's bars."

---

TO THE RATS.

Oh! Cheer up, Rats, have consolation,  
In evolution's your salvation,  
You're subjects of a demonstration  
Of rat-to-cat-stage transmutation.



"Oh! may our hearts forever beat  
As true as they beat now  
For God gives not two earthly lives,  
Nor does dissensions allow.

"And let our wills be strong as steel,  
Our aims high as the stars,  
Our bond as firm as the grip of our hands  
Till we reach Heaven's bars."

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TO THE RATS.

Oh! Cheer up, Rats, have consolation,  
In evolution's your salvation,  
You're subjects of a demonstration  
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# Editorials

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## NEW PRESIDENT AT HARVARD.

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On the sixth of October Abbath Lawrence Lowell was inaugurated as president of our oldest American college. For forty years Dr. Eliot held this position. Under the leadership of this venerable sage Harvard passed over some of her most useful years—years of growth and development. Now the mantle of the great old man has fallen upon the shoulders of a younger man fitted to carry forward the work in which he had grown grey and toilworn.

A vast crowd witnessed the ceremonies which made Mr. Lowell the guardian and leader of the pioneer college in the United States. People arriving fully a half-hour before time for the ceremonies to begin found themselves late comers.

Above the great platform in College Yard waved crimson banners. To this stand marched the procession that was to occupy it during the ceremonies. According to an old tradition the Sheriff of Middlesex County called the assemblage to order. The trumpets and trombones were sounded, and following this the chorus sang "Laudate Dominum." A short prayer followed, and a senior delivered an oration in Latin. This custom of a senior giving an oration in Latin on all great occasions is as old as the president's office at Harvard. The new presi-

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dent was next led into the office of president, and Hon. John D. Long, president of the Board of Overseers, delivered into his keeping the charter, seal and keys.

The inaugural speech of Mr. Lowell fully justified the hopes of all friends of the University. They felt that he has the qualities which will make him a worthy successor of Dr. Eliot. His youthful appearance added force to his simply phrased but scholarly address.

The undergraduates were not prominent in the ceremonies of the day. But at night a vast crowd of them carrying torches called on the president. Waving the lights they greeted him with the rolling Harvard cheer. Suddenly there was silence and the clear voice of Mr. Lowell was heard asking them to let him know their opinions on what the life of the student at Harvard should be. Again the cheers broke forth, fireworks blazed, and the students went to quarters well pleased with the man who is president of their college.

Honorary degrees were conferred on thirty scholars from various institutions of the world. It is very gratifying to Southerners to know that one of these degrees was conferred on a man from the grand old state of Virginia.

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Just as this goes to press W. M. Perdue leaves for his home in Birmingham. "Mac's" people are preparing to make their home in California. Rumor has come to us that the popular social editor will likely go with them and so be out of college. We hope to see him back soon, but should he not return to carry on his department, he will be much missed not only by the entire student body, but by the whole staff who appreciate his able work in getting up a good social column.

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of conversation in athletic circles for more than a week. Every paper has had some dope about the result of the game. "Vandy" seems to be the favorite. So was Sewanee last year. The Auburn students say, "We'll fool 'em again."

Evening roll-call was dispensed with on Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday of this week to permit the boys to go to the O'Hara field while the team was practicing. Hurrah for Colonel! We believe that every student in college took advantage of this opportunity to let out in cheers for the team some of his enthusiasm. The band was on the field to lead the procession around the grid-iron and to furnish music to accompany the familiar song, "Roll the Football along." To show that the presence of a loyal student-body helps a team, hear what one of the players said at a mass meeting: "If a fellow wouldn't work with such spirit behind him as that exhibited, he must be a wooden man."

The gathering of 600 students at the train to see the team off to Nashville, showed the genuine spirit of the fellows. After a brief mass meeting in Langdon Hall, the crowd marched to the depot singing college songs. Yell after yell rang through the air for the Tigers. As the train pulled out, bearing away the warriors, the crowd in one voice bade the team farewell with the yell, "Victory."

Whatever may be the outcome of this battle of the giants, Auburn students will be loyal to the team which has so often covered itself with glory.

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#### THE LEE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Mary G. Pickens, Director and Registrar of the Children of the Confederacy, will be read with much pleasure by the student body of the Polytechnic.

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The extract is taken from a letter addressed to the *Montgomery Advertiser*.

"To the Children of the Confederacy of Alabama:

Dear Children—I have been waiting until you were at home again and ready for work, before writing you about the scholarship and my lovely trip to Auburn, and next wishing that you all could have been with me there on September 15. I wish I were able to visit each auxiliary in Alabama and to know every one of you children and to tell of the beautiful work you have accomplished, and of greater work for you to do, as I cannot write all that I could say.

"Auburn" received me with open arms, and treated me royally. I can never tell you how proud I was of Alabama's children when in their name I placed the sum of \$1,250.00 in Dr. Thach's hand, to endow the Lee Memorial Scholarship, and as he gave me the guarantee of the school, for \$100 a year for all time, and nearly 700 young men, students of this great polytechnic college, arose at his bidding, in a vote of thanks to me, in appreciation of my placing the scholarship there.

My heart was too full to speak. I gazed through tears at those hundreds of boys, all eager to learn the great lessons taught there to help them through life, and I wished I had some of Carnegie's millions just to endow scholarships, so that every boy and girl in Alabama could enjoy the blessed privilege of education."

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Aren't the rats proud of their new uniforms? On the square, did you ever see such a set of fine military men before? Remember when you first donned your gray



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suit? It was years ago when you were a rat. Of course it's hard for you to remember that far back; but, indistinctly, can't you recall the day when you tried on your first uniform in the presence of the Mighty Colonel. How important, proud and conspicuous you felt as you walked out into the street. Now, the joys of a new uniform are fled. The novelty has worn off—any old faded, hand-ed-down uniform will do.

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The enrollment has swelled to seven hundred and thirty-eight, thirty-five more than in any previous year. Over three hundred of these are new men, who come to us full of high aims and grit to push them. These men are taking a leading part in all lines of college activity. They have already caught a full share of the college spirit for which Auburn is famed. No man can remain long with the enthusiastic students and not feel himself drawn irresistably towards all that bears upon the name famed by the bard who could never fully cut himself asunder from the village of his early days. With the increased enrollment, the spirit of fellowship and the old time Auburn spirit in such magnitude we feel assured that this is to be one of the brightest and most glorious years in the college famed for the great men who have received their training in the A. P. I.

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Battalion drill has started at the A. P. I. The Majors are in trouble. On Thursday, Oct. 21, 1909, by order of the Commandant, great confusion was seen on the campus. There were 700 men trying to drill on a field 150 yards square. If the attendance increases *very much more*, a new drill field must be considered. In fact, measures should be taken *right now* to provide for a new parade ground. Of course, a field large enough would be difficult to find in this locality. But if the military department expects to hold its own or grow at all, a larger parade ground must be secured even at the sacri-

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### THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

No one can measure the power of thought. The power of concentrated mind has given to the world all the sciences, great books, and inventions. Thinkers have revolutionized the business of the world by the application of steam power, yoked the lightnings of heaven for the service of civilization and made the rolling sea a whispering gallery for the nations of earth by means of the electric cable. We stand amazed at some of the stupendous achievements planned by the intellect of man. But are there not other things to be accomplished by the ingenuity of man? Who shall say that science with all her boasted achievements may not yet be in the primer of her learning? "Knowledge shall increase" is the decree that has gone forth and none but God who issued that decree shall set the limits to that increase.

Would you be a factor in pushing forward this progress which is so manifestly the will of Omnipotence? Then train your thoughts to delve into the hidden mysteries and bring forth the gems that are richly buried there.

Would you be happy? Then keep your thoughts upon things worthy of them. The kind of thoughts that fill the human mind makes the pleasant or unpleasant, happy or wretched man. "The power to think and appreciate the thoughts of others lifts us above our temporal environment and endows us with riches of which money can never be the equivalent. A great thought, like a beautiful object, bears us away from the hard and narrow world of our selfish interests, dips us in the clear water of pure delight, and makes us glad as children who lie in the shade and catch the snowy blossoms when they fall.

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Extra copies of Orange and Blue at Burtons'.



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**COURSES OF INSTRUCTION:** The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical and Natural Sciences, and with their applications; Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Architecture, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Languages, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy. There are nine regular courses: (1) Civil; (2) Electrical; (3) Mechanical; (4) Architecture; (5) Mining Engineering; (6) Agriculture; (7) Chemistry; (8) Pharmacy; (9) Latin Science. (1) Course in Pharmacy Ph. G.; (2) Course in Veterinary Medicine, D. V. M.

**LABORATORY INSTRUCTION:** Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: 1. Civil Engineering. 2. Electrical Engineering. 3. Telephone Engineering. 4. Mechanical Engineering. 5. Architecture. 6. Mining Engineering. 7. Mechanic Arts. 8. Technical Drawing. 9. Agriculture (Farm 304 acres, varied experiments). 10. Veterinary Science. 11. Horticulture. 12. Animal Industry, Five thoroughbred herds. Dairy. 13. Chemistry, Metallurgy, Assaying. 14. Pharmacy. 15. Physics. 16. Mineralogy. 17. Bacteriology. 18. Botany. 19. Biology. 20. Entomology.

**ATTENDANCE:** The attendance last year was 617, representing twelve States and two foreign countries; 66 counties of Alabama being represented

**LOCATION:** The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

**BOARDING:** The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

**EXPENSES:** There is no charge for tuition for residents of Alabama. Incidental fee per half session, \$2.50; Laundry fee (first term) \$5.00; Library fee per half session, \$1.00; Surgeon's fee per half session, \$2.50; Laboratory fees in junior and senior years, \$5.00 per session; board per month, \$12.00 to \$15.00. At houses rented by the College, board can be secured at \$9.50 per month. These fees payable on matriculation.

**Chas C. Thach, A. M., LL. D.**  
**President**



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Y. M. C. A.—J. A. Parrish, president; W. C. Oliver, vice-president; A. L. Young, secretary; E. W. Lind, treasurer; W. A. Brown, Jr., librarian.

Fraternities in order of establishment at Auburn—Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha, Kappa Sigma, Theta Nu Epsilon, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Delta Sigma Phi, Delta Pi Sigma, Eie Doletth Sigma.

Wirt Literary Society—J. A. Parrish, president; W. C. Oliver, vice-president; W. O. Winston, secretary; J. M. Strater, treasurer. Meeting every Saturday night at seven-thirty in Wirt Hall.

Websterian Literary Society—W. W. Garrett, president; A. L. Young, vice-president; H. G. Smith, secretary; T. M. Francis, treasurer. Meeting every Saturday night at seven-thirty in Websterian Hall.



# PHOTOGRAPHS

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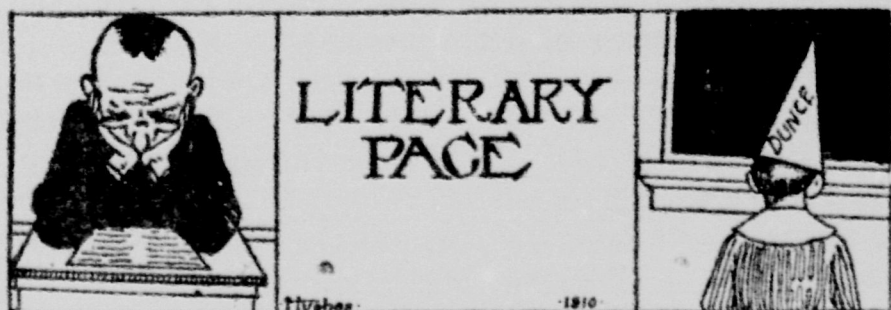
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D. M. CLEMENTS, Editor.

### "OUR TEAM."

Of all the teams since the birth of time  
 Famed in story and sung in rhyme,  
 That Auburn team of nineteen-nine,  
 That lightning backfield and invincible line,  
 Those flying tackles and the forward pass,  
 Those swift kicks through the struggling mass  
 Have doomed all teams in the dust for true  
 And gained victory for the Orange and Blue.

P. B. B., '12.

### HOW TOM BROWN MADE THE TEAM.

"Hello, Brown, are you awake yet, old man? I want to talk a little with you tonight."—the voice of Davis, captain of the varsity eleven of the A— College was heard in the hall. He was calling to Tommy Brown, the second year man and applicant for a position on the football team.

Brown, or "Old war horse," as the boys at home called him for his pluck and courage, had returned to his favorite college with high hopes and a fixed purpose, and that was to make varsity at all costs. In fact, that idea had been uppermost in his mind since he first left home. for he had often pictured to himself and his best friend and sweetheart, Mary, how, clad in a uniform and wear-

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PHYSICIAN

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DRUGS, TOILET

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And all kinds of

COLD DRINKS.



ing the insignia of his college, he would fight to uphold the honor and glory of his Alma Mater.

The first year, however, he was unsuccessful. Try as he might he was only allowed to play half-back on the second team, or scrubs. Tom knew the game, had courage and dash to spare, but he was light. The head coach had once said to him, "Brown, you are the pluckiest man on the field. I like your playing and I know that you would rather play football than eat, but your weight is against you. Why, some of the big teams we play would run over you every time." Inwardly Tom thought the coach was hard on him and that he knew better, but of course coach was not to be disputed.

As Davis, the big captain came in his room Brown felt his heart thump with expectation. "Brown," began Davis, "I want to see you make the team this year. You deserve it. As you know, we have only four more games to play, and the most important one, that with the Trinity eleven, comes next week on the campus. Some of our fellows are crippled, but we can hold them down. Now do your best, and I'll see that you play in this game. Good bye."

That was enough for Tom. Patiently he waited for the day of the game to come. On the field he became a marvel of speed and endurance. A few days later he received a letter from his girl, Mary, telling him that she would come to see the game.

At last the day came, a cool, breezy October day. Tom never felt more like playing football in his life. But his heart sank when he saw the opposing team. They were the most formidable bunch he had ever seen. He was not surprised when the coach did not call him to take his place in the first half.

Now the game was on. Tom thought he never saw a game so close. On and on the two teams pressed, now gaining, now losing. Both were evenly matched, but Brown thought he saw a weak spot around the left of the

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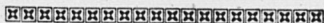
## J. M. Trammell

OPELIKA, ALA.



**Crescent**

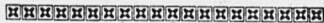
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Trinity team. The first half ended with no points made, while several men on each team were hurt, among whom was the star half-back of the A— College.

Here was Brown's chance. With tears in his eyes he was about to beg coach to be allowed to play, when the coach and Captain Davis came up to him. "Brown," said the coach to him, "You go in the last half. You must win this game. You are fresh. We are depending on you."

As Brown took his position on the field he saw his responsibility. There before him stretched the beautiful buildings composing the college which he was to defend; there, were the eight hundred students yelling for victory; and there among the spectators was his own girl to whom he had often boasted. He must do or die.

The second half began with a vim. Each team seemed determined to win. Brown never gave up. He worked like a deamon in the line and at tackling. There was no time to lose. The Trinity eleven was advancing fast when they lost the ball. And now Brown's team must make that goal. They failed to advance the first two trials when Brown was given the ball. With a rush he started around the weak left end and with splendid interference from his team succeeded in getting by. Down the field he raced with both teams at his heels. On and on he ran till with the last mad plunge he reached goal and scored the only touch-down of the game.

Mighty cheers rent the air when it was realized what had happened. Tom Brown did not hear them. Worn out by the anxiety and sudden exertion of the game he lay there a limp mass, till they carried him off the field. That night Captain Davis called to thank him for his work. His girl, Mary, told him how proud she was of what he had done—but what pleased him most was next day when the coach told him, smiling, "Brown, you have made good. From now on you are our regular varsity half-back."

—J. C., '10.



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A. S. NOBLE, Editor.

Well, fellows, we will not say much about the Vanderbilt game. You all know the outcome of it, and even the details of the game from the matinee. But fellows you didn't get from the matinee an idea of how hard our men fought. Each man was playing with every ounce of his strength, and, although Vanderbilt beat us by the decisive score of seventeen to nothing, no Auburn man need be ashamed of the game played at Nashville. It was a good, hard, absolutely clean game, with plenty of the snap and ginger characteristic of a first-class football game.

Coach McGingan certainly has gathered a bunch of gentlemen as well as husky, good foot-ball men. The good spirit manifested throughout the game as well as the sportsmanlike manner in which the fellows of each team took their heard knocks was one of the most pleasant features of the game. The courtesy shown our team when any of our men were hurt was much appreciated.

Vanderbilt's first touch-down came in the first five minutes of play, after a forty yard run of Mettzer's which placed the ball on our three yard line. Vanderbilt was unable to score again in the first half.

In the second half she scored twice, making one touch-down in the first and one in the last part of the half.

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## A TECH MAN.

My collar bone is broken now,  
My nose is out of whack;  
I'm minus half an ear besides,  
Once more I've sprained my beck.

Most all my ribs are missing, too,  
I cannot bend my knee;  
My left eye is puffed up so bad  
That I can hardly see.

Those Auburn fellows sure are rough,  
We got it in the neck,  
One time I've had foot-ball enough,  
I play on Georgia Tech.

—*Alex. Hicks, '11.*

---

AUBURN VS. TECH.

---

The Auburn vs. "Tech" game was a battle royal and although Auburn had an advantage of eight points the game was not won by any means until the whistle blew for the end of the second half.

In the first half Auburn goal was never in danger, the ball being continually in "Tech's" territory. In fact, Auburn repeatedly brought the ball up to within striking distance of "Tech's" goal, but it was then that Tech braced up and showed a stone wall. Towards the last of the first half Auburn advanced the ball to "Tech's" six inch line where they lost it on downs. Tech then took the ball and advanced it four yards on a line play. They next attempted a kick which was blocked—Harmon falling on the ball behind the goal line for a touch down. Reynolds kicked goal. ✓

In the second half the battle was fiercer. "Tech" got off several end runs for good gains while Hardage and



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Hamn for Auburn gained ground pretty consistently. Both goals were in danger during this half but again it was only Auburn who managed to score. This second score came towards the middle of the second half after an attempt at a place kick from the thirty-five yard line. Wilson for "Tech" got the ball behind the goal line and stepped out then changed his mind and decided to touch it down. He was tackled and thrown behind the goal line counting a safety and making their final score, Auburn 8—Tech. 0.



# Alabama Polytechnic Institute

**COURSES OF INSTRUCTION:** The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical and Natural Sciences, and with their applications; Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Architecture, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Languages, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy. There are nine regular courses: (1) Civil; (2) Electrical; (3) Mechanical; (4) Architecture; (5) Mining Engineering; (6) Agriculture; (7) Chemistry; (8) Pharmacy; (9) Latin Science. (1) Course in Pharmacy Ph. G.; (2) Course in Veterinary Medicine, D. V. M.

**LABORATORY INSTRUCTION:** Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: 1. Civil Engineering. 2. Electrical Engineering. 3. Telephone Engineering. 4. Mechanical Engineering. 5. Architecture. 6. Mining Engineering. 7. Mechanic Arts. 8. Technical Drawing. 9. Agriculture (Farm 304 acres, varied experiments). 10. Veterinary Science. 11. Horticulture. 12. Animal Industry, Five thoroughbred herds. Dairy. 13. Chemistry, Metallurgy, Assaying. 14. Pharmacy. 15. Physics. 16. Mineralogy. 17. Bacteriology. 18. Botany. 19. Biology. 20. Entomology.

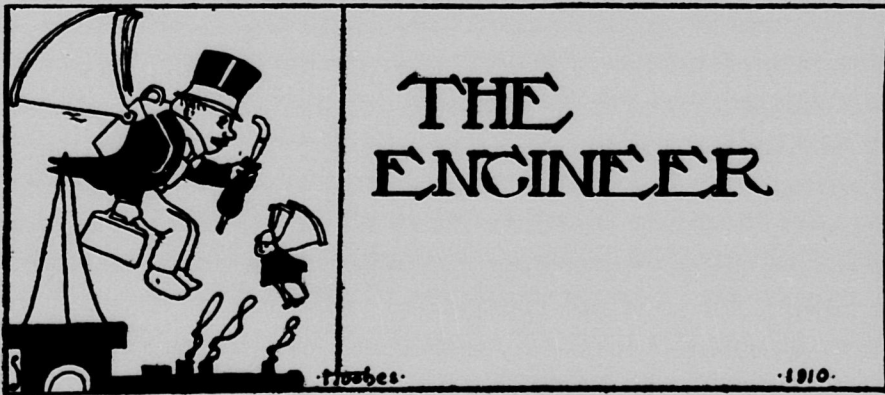
**ATTENDANCE:** The attendance last year was 617, representing twelve States and two foreign countries; 66 counties of Alabama being represented

**LOCATION:** The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

**BOARDING:** The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

**EXPENSES:** There is no charge for tuition for residents of Alabama. Incidental fee per half session, \$2.50; Laundry fee (first term) \$5.00; Library fee per half session, \$1.00; Surgeon's fee per half session, \$2.50; Laboratory fees in junior and senior years, \$5.00 per session; board per month, \$12.00 to \$15.00. At houses rented by the College, board can be secured at \$9.50 per month. These fees payable on matriculation.

**Chas C. Thach, A. M., LL. D.,**  
President



A. L. YOUNG, Editor.

### THE NEED OF TECHNICAL TRAINING.

That the importance of the movement for training the young men and women of our country along practical lines is beginning to receive the consideration which it so much deserves, is shown by the fact that last month a meeting was held in Washington, D. C. of the leading educators, manufacturers and others interested in industrial education, to consider this subject.

The meeting was held before a committee appointed by the American Federation of Labor, which is the first time that body has ever given this question any consideration. This committee purposes to provide means by which the sons and daughters of workingmen may fit themselves for employment in mechanical and industrial work.

This is only the first step in the solution of this question, but it is an important one, and it is to be hoped that out of the ideas brought forth there may grow a movement which will prove of great value to the young men and women who will in the near future be compelled to make their own way in the world.

We believe there are at the present time many men struggling with poverty and misfortune, who, if they





had been placed in a position in life for which their ability better qualified them, would be successful, useful members of society. We believe if the younger generation of today can be given the opportunity while at school of getting a little training along practical lines, and especially can be given a chance to try for themselves the talents which they may have along certain lines, and finding out for what they are best fitted,—this attempt in future life to adapt themselves to something for which they are entirely unfitted, but which circumstances place them in, and which after years of struggling to master they are unable to leave, will be avoided.

The ability to decide for himself what he can best do and with the most profit to himself, and with the greatest possibility of future advancement, is of the most vital importance to the boy who will be compelled to depend upon his own exertions for a living.

There is too much wasted energy because people are not fitted for the tasks they are compelled to do, and too much dissatisfaction with their lot on the part of workers who are forced to do work which is distasteful to them, and for which they have no adaptability. This condition might be avoided if the youths were trained in their younger days and were given a chance to prove to themselves what kind of work was best fitted for them, and which appealed to them as congenial and a pleasure instead of drudgery as all work to which one is not, must be.

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### THE WONDERFUL TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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When the last breath of the nineteenth century was drawn nearly ten years ago it was thought that its marvelous record of industrial and scientific achievement could never be equaled.



The tenor of comment suggested the brief eulogium which Hamlet pronounced upon his father—

*"Take him for all in all,*

*I shall not look upon his like again."*

The twentieth century was not born to great expectations. For what remained to be accomplished? The steam-boat—the electric light, the telephone, the telegraph, the sewing machine, the automobile—these had all been invented.

And, indeed, to human intelligence it did look as if the resources of achievement had been well-nigh exhausted.

But hidden in the quiver of the old archer there were finer arrows than ever left his bow.

Less than a decade has elapsed since the latest and youngest of the centuries was fledged.

And what has this precious youngster accomplished?

Wireless telegraphy, of which the nineteenth century gave us distinct and frequent imitations, has been successfully achieved by the Italian wizard—Marconi.

For it was twelve months ago that it plucked 800 passengers from the jaws of death on the Atlantic.

And the advent of another epoch in ocean travel was proclaimed.

The crossing of the English channel by Bleriot, the mid-air carnival at Rheims and the marvelous feats of aviation performed by the Wright Brothers have added another vehicle to the cars of modern commerce.

And if it be argued that the navigation of the ether is still fraught with peril, it must be remembered that the twentieth century still has nine decades in which to refine and perfect its products.

The experiments with radium have given rise to the wildest dreams on the part of scientific thinkers.

And the door-way to undreamed-of possibilities has been opened by this new magician among the elements.

Within the last few weeks the search of centuries has



*A. M. Library.*

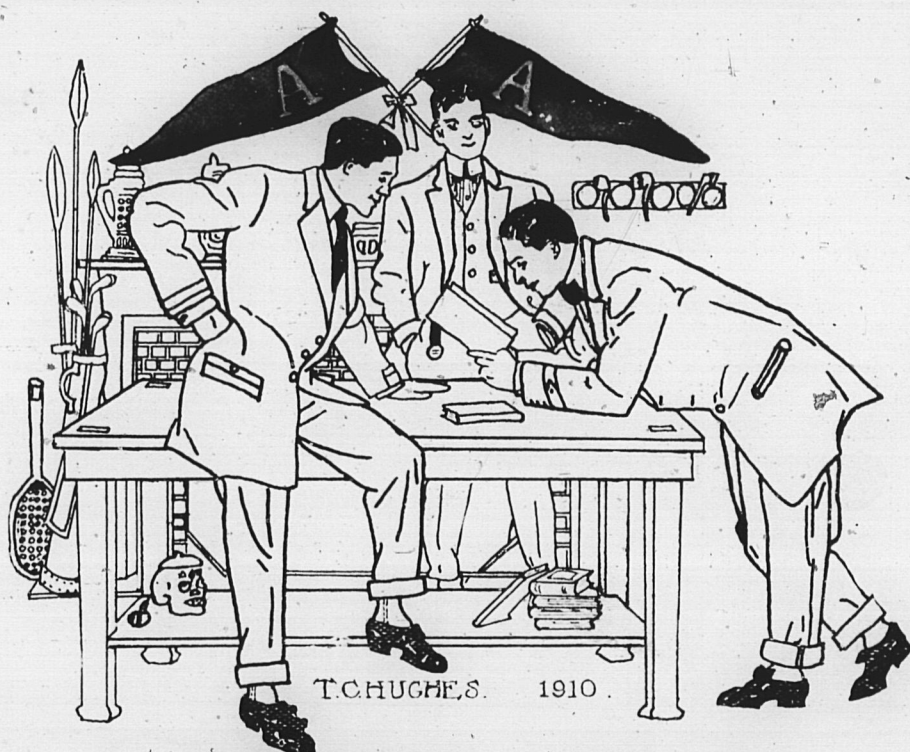
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# THE ORANGE<sup>and</sup> BLUE

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*16-4*

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AUBURN, ALA.

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borne fruit in the discovery of the North Pole. Not once—but twice—the conquest of the earth's apex has been announced.

And *when* is the catalogue of wonders to cease?

With the speed of thought we are bounding from one splendid achievement to another.

In the phrase of the day even the most arrant skeptic must admit that the twentieth century is making good.

It even challenges comparison with the nineteenth—tho less than one-tenth of the journey has been traversed.

At the beginning of the last century Fulton was navigating the water.

In the first decade of the twentieth century Wilbur and Orville Wright are navigating the ether.

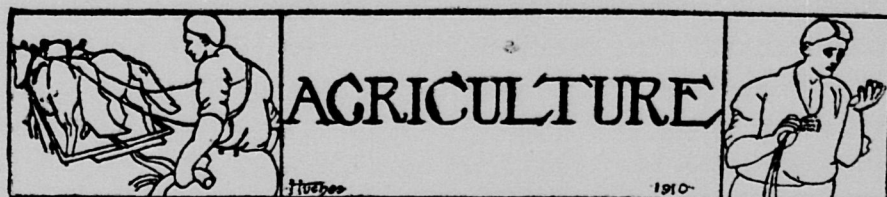
One century presents the steam-boat—the other contributes the air-ship.

What steam was to the nineteenth century, electricity will be to the twentieth century.

And wonderful as the nineteenth century has been, it appears simply to have journeyed like the Queen of Sheba to behold in the revelations of the twentieth the still greater glories of the court of Solomon.







D. J. BURLESON, Editor.

### MEETING OF THE NATIONAL NUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the National Nut Grower's Association was held at Albany, Georgia, on October 12-14, inclusive.

At ten o'clock of the first day the house was called to order by the president, J. B. Wright of Cairo, Ga., and after the "Invocation," the "Welcome to Albany" was given by Mayor H. A. Tanner. Miscellaneous business was next attended to and after an interesting paper by President Wright, the Association adjourned for dinner.

The papers for the afternoon and evening were all very interesting as well as instructive. Among these were "The Relative Value of Pecan Growing," by E. W. Kirkpatrick of McKinney, Tex.; "The Larger Pecan Trees of the Wabash Valley," by M. J. Nibleck, of Vincennes, Ind.; "Pecans in North Carolina," by Prof. W. N. Hutt, Raleigh, N. C.; "The Hickory Nut Family," by Dr. R. T. Morris, of New York; "A Consideration of Nut as a Substitute for Flesh Foods," by Dr. G. M. Niles.

The second day of the Convention was devoted to visiting the orchards and nurseries in the vicinity of Albany. About nine o'clock the members of the Nut Growers' Association and many others interested in nut growing boarded a special train on the Atlantic Coast Line and soon arrived at the orchard of the J. R. Gill, a few miles South of Baconton. After carefully looking over his orchard, noting the varieties grown, how they were

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propagated, distance apart of the trees, care taken of the orchard, etc., every one got aboard the train again and came back to Baconton. Here they found wagons awaiting them and they were soon on the way from the village to see the neat, well kept orchard of C. M. Barnell. In this orchard there are between 300 and 400 acres of pecan trees, that range in age from two to six years. They are well kept and some are beginning to bear.

On the return trip, about a mile from town, we came to a large magnolia tree; here we found Mr. Barnell's nephew and several ladies. We all stopped here to cool and eat cake and drink lemonade that they were awaiting to serve to us. We were cautioned "Not to eat too much" as we would have dinner when we got to DeWitt. The lemonade and cakes were soon "out of sight" and we were on our way to the train. A few minutes run and we were at DeWitt and we found dinner ready—a barbecue. An hour was spent in eating, two more were spent in going over the orchard and nursery of the G. M. Bacon Pecan Co. At four o'clock we all boarded the train for Albany. We arrived there about five o'clock, every one happy, but tired.

The social feature of the meeting was a "Smoker" on Wednesday evening.

Thursday was a very important day also, but the time for business was short on account of no evening program, as was announced.

The important papers were, "The Ups and Downs of a Seedling Grove," by D. C. Turnipseed of Flora, Ala.; "Pecans on Hickory as a Commercial Proposition," by C. P. Mundy, of Shreveport, La.; "Field Notes," by C. A. Reed, Washington, D. C.; "In Orchard and Nursery," by H. K. Miller, Montecello, Fla.; "Away from Home to Learn," by J. W. Canada, Houston, Texas, and "The Search for New Varieties," by Theo. Becketl, of Ocean Springs, Miss.

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The afternoon session was given up to the "question box," reports of the committees, election of officers, and a "final word."

After a vote of thanks to the city of Albany and the people who so generously entertained them the Association adjourned to meet at Montecello, Fla., at some time during the Fall of 1910.

—J. T. W., '10.

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President James J. Hill recently said, "We have almost reached a point where, owing to increased population without increased production per acre, our home supply will be insufficient for our own needs, within ten years, possibly less, we are likely to become a wheat importing nation."

Perhaps these words of Mr. Hill were meant for a warning rather than a prophecy. There has been a tendency among the rural population to abandon agriculture and flock to the cities. If this tendency should continue to increase, it is plain that we must soon become importers of the products which we could raise at home, or else increase the productive power of our land. Men have left the farm because they were not making enough profits. What we need is to make farming more profitable. The more profitable and scientific farming is, the more good farmers we shall have.

Already we have begun to revolutionize our agriculture. We are using more and better machinery, making draft animals do the work more scientifically, and by rotating crops are increasing the productive power of our soil. It is in this way that we are to induce our farmers to stay on their farms.

L. W. Shook, a distinguished member of the '09 Agricultural Class, made a short visit here a few days ago. He expects to return after Christmas and take up his work here.

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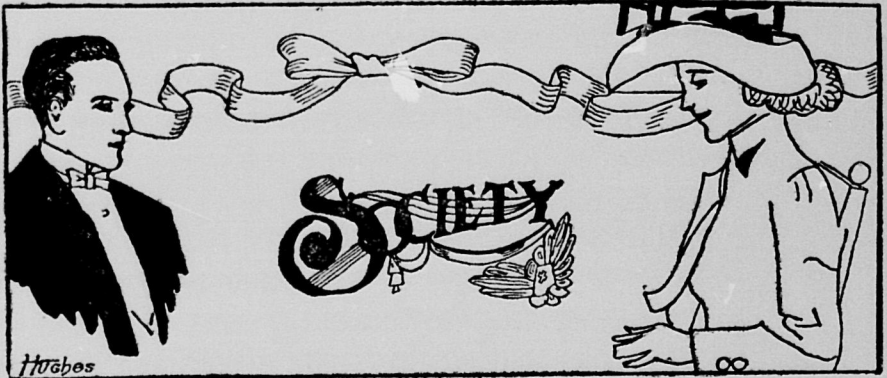
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**BOOKS**

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W. MAC PERDUE, Editor.

On Friday evening, Nov. 5th Col. Patrick entertained his corps of commissioned officers in a delightful manner.

At 7:45 P. M. a majority of the officers gathered at Toomer's Corner, and as the clock struck eight they marched down to the home of Mrs. McNamee, where they were received by Col. Patrick and Prof. Mitcham.

Being strickly a military affair everything was done in a military manner. Many jokes were told that pertained to the experiences of the Colonel during his past years.

Shortly after the arrival, supper was announced and the officers marched in to partake of a supper, the like of which, had never before been seen at Auburn. The table was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers and the walls of the room were covered with the beautiful leaves of Autumn.

The supper was served in courses, the first being a delicious oyster cocktail, then oyster stew, a salad course, ice cream, and fruit.

At the end of the last course an order issued by Majors Smith and Oliver was published, expressing to Col. Patrick in behalf of the corps of officers, their appreciation for his hospitality during the evening.

After supper the officers retired to the reception hall

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where some inspiring talks were made by Prof. Mitcham, Lieut. Parrish and others.

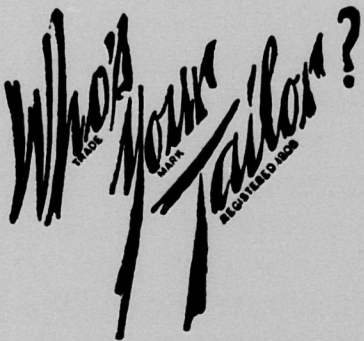
This entertainment has helped to put the officers in closer contact, with the commandant and they will co-operate with him better in the future than they have in the past.

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A most delightful entertainment was given by Prof. J. R. Rutland to his Sunday School Class last Saturday evening at Mrs. McNamee's. A novel feature of the evening was a game of conversation in which cards were distributed with ten subjects for conversation. Engagements were made for each subject and a bell announced the time to change. It proved a happy medium in keeping the boys and girls in circulation and every one seemed to enjoy every moment. The honorary guests present were: Misses Lucy Dillard, Annie Shivers, Emmie Rutledge, Miriam Burton, Mary Hudson, Annie Laura Dillard, Mary Drake, Hortense Rowe, Ruth Hudson, Annie Frazier, Rosa Cook, Pansy Frazier, Louie Dillard, Ruth Traylor, Anna Wilmore, Clayre Hollis, Lucy Little, Gatchell Cooper, Evans Harrell, Mollie Hollifield.

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On Wednesday evening of Nov. 10th, a large audience had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Thomas E. Green, a famous lecturer. Mr. Green, so great was his personality and magnetism, held the undivided attention of the audi-



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ence. He was inimitable in his power of making dry statistics interesting. He held his audience in curiosity as to what he was driving at only to figuratively knock it over with the rush and force of his conclusions. His audience left fully realizing, with him, that the "Key to the Twentieth Century" that mighty lever which is to control all future times and destiny, is the young manhood of the United States. Speaking for the young men present, Mr. Green made us think, "What are we—you and I—going to do?" The future depends on us, for every individual and particular man in all America will exert some force on destiny. Each one of us is an atom of the "Key to the Twentieth Century," and certainly the behavior of the atoms will control the body. What are we going to do?

---

Misses Emma and Mae Harvey have returned from a short visit to Atlanta and are now entertaining a visitor, Mrs. Edith Littlefield, of Providence, R. I.

The "Clover Club," on the 9th, enjoyed very much the entertainment provided for them by Miss Miriam Burton, their hostess.

Mrs. Earnest Agrew, of Huntington, W. Va., visited Mrs. Nannie Wills. A reception was held in her honor on November 13th. Mrs. Agrew and her husband, Lieut. Agrew, of the United States Army, will shortly leave for the Phillipines.

Miss Erskine Frazier of Atlanta, is visiting Mrs. P. F. Williams.

Mrs. James P. C. Southall entertained the "Social Club," on the 4th of November. As usual, Mrs. Southall made some of her guests envious of her ability as hostess. There were several invited guests among the club. There were many beautiful decorations. A delightful course lucheon was served.

W. M. Avery visited relatives in Lanett on the 7th.



On Oct. 28th, Miss Lucy Little held a reception in honor of Mrs. Ross Roberts of Zanesville, Ohio.

Miss Lucy Dillard, a charming young lady of Washington, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. McNamee.

Mrs. Dallas Boyd spent a few days in Montgomery week before last.

Misses Nan and Willie Thomas are visiting their sister in Montgomery.

Mrs. Lida Thach, the charming mother of Dr. Thach, has returned from Birmingham, where she had been visiting her son, Mr. Robert Thatch.

Mrs. Buchanan, one of our most attractive young ladies, has returned from Atlanta.

Mrs. W. W. Hill, after attending the wedding of her cousin, Miss Dean, in Sylacauga, has returned to Auburn.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, of our Presbyterian Church, attended the Synod in Selma last week.

Mrs. G. M. Mitcham has returned from Atlanta.

Miss Pansy Frazier of Guin, Ala., is visiting Mrs. Stokes, her sister.

Mr. W. E. Willis, Assistant Southern Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., spent the 9th and 10th in Auburn.

Mrs. J. F. Dugger is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Ogden of the Central Presbyterian Church, in Atlanta.

Mr. Cedric Faber has been visiting his home in Columbus, Ga.

Mr. Joe Powell has returned from his home in Lowndesboro, Ala.

We were glad to have Mr. Devotee Ewing of the '07 Class with us for a few days.

Miss Ethel Mitchell of Florida has been visiting Mrs. Mitchell.

Mrs. Reeves, of LaGrange, Ga., nee Miss Susie Thomas is visiting Mrs. Lipscomb.

On Nov. 10th Mrs. Wiatt entertained the D. A. R.'s at her home on Gay Street. The decoration scheme was worked out in chrysanthemums, and was very beautiful.

Dr. and Mrs. Petrie, the father and mother of our esteemed Professor Petrie, have returned to their home in Virginia.

Mr. Spain, an Auburn graduate, spent a few days with us.

On the night of the supper given to the commissioned officers of the Senior Class, Company K, the privates of the same Class, held forth in some manner of mysterious entertainment of their own. Nothing but the most vague rumors have reached our ears, and their affairs is veiled over by a most mysterious silence. It seems that their party was greatly enjoyed for they wore their favors from it—and strange favors they were—only a little piece of blue ribbon.

On the 12th C. G. Gaum, W. C. Oliver, A. L. Young and J. A. Parrish left Auburn as delegates to the Students' Bible Conference which was held with Southern University, located at Greensboro, Ala.

---

## **The Grand, Montgomery, Ala.**

*Nov. 25th, 26th and 27th.*

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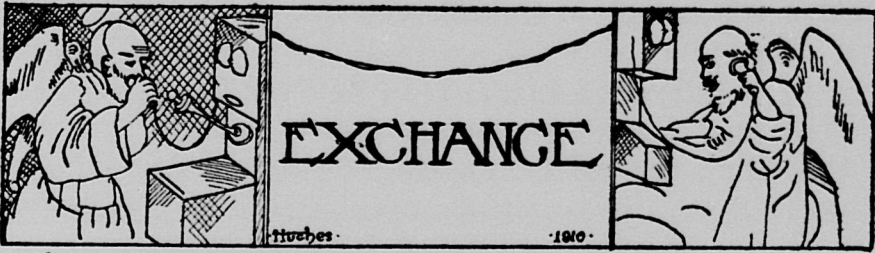
—IN—

# **THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE**

**BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY**

**Positively the only appearance here of the Original Production and Number one Company.**

**TYRONE POWER AND THE ORIGINAL CAST.**



R. S. BOYD, Editor.

Ouachita Ripples, Brenau Journal and The Concept held first place among the exchanges received this month. Very few Southern college papers come up to the standard set by these three papers. Keep the good work up, girls, and we are sure that there will be no kick coming.

"The Georgian" also deserves special mention, and when the roll is called, The Georgian will be among the best.

Could not "The Sewanee Purple" publish less about their foot-ball victories and prospects and still be a good college paper?

---

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of The Hustler, The Red and Black, Andrew College Journal, The Concept, Brenau Journal, Ouachita Ripples, The Sewanee Purple, Winthrop College Journal, The Piedmontonian, the Reveille, The Georgian, Birmingham College Reporter, The College Reflector, and Crimson and White. Thanks.

---

President—Why were you not present at chapel exercises this morning.

Rat—Well, you see it is only a day before exams. I could not waste the time.

---

Prof. Ross—Mr. Graves, what is  $H^2SO^4$ ?

Graves—Carbolic Soda, sir.



Wanted by Lieut. Janney—A shorter route to Opelika. Finder will receive a suitable reward.

---

#### MARVELOUS HAPPENINGS.

Cook and Peary discover the North Pole.

Leo Kling arrives at breakfast on time once.

---

#### A QUITE NATURAL HESITANCY.

Mr. Brown, looking for his wife, asked the cook:

“Bridget, can you tell me of my wife’s whereabouts?”

Bridget, evidently embarrassed, hesitated before replying. “I think they are in wash, sorr.”—*Success.*

---

#### THE BONES.

Hear the rolling of the bones—

Spotted bones!

How they drop and scatter mid

The laughter and the groans!

See them hopping, hopping, hopping,

Through the thick tobacco smoke!

Oh, how fast the “jits” are dropping,

See! another boy is stopping

And he’s just about to croak—

Absolutely broke,

And my Ingersoll in soak.”

Oh, the nervous speculation that

continually draws

Round the bones, bones, bones,

bones, bones, bones—

Round the laughter and the

groaning of the bones.—*Ex.*

---

Those beautiful Auburn calendars formerly sold for 75c are now on sale at Burton’s for 25c. Take a look at them.



WHAT WERE THEY DOING?

---

It has been a great puzzle to the student body as to where Co. K hid themselves last Friday night. Wonder what they were doing?

---

Wanted by the dormitory—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes, also a woman with one tooth to punch holes in the biscuits.

---

Rat Barr will be delighted to inform any student on the question of how to become a ladies' man. He has had lots of experience along this line.

---

Lieutenant Parrish (wishing to march Company K to the grand stand)—Forward! guide left! count off! Company attention! Colonel!!! Take this darn company."

---

Rat—(in Prof. Gaum's section of drawing)—"Professor, please show me how to make an A."

Prof. Gaum—Work like the dickens for about three years and if you're gritty you'll find out."



## DREAMING.

As I sit here dreaming before my desk my thoughts soar to other worlds. I seem to see us two floating, drifting together through a myriad of soft lights and colors that tint and intermingle with each other, forming the most delicate hues—the soft pink flush of the rose shading into the most delicate lilac, the yellow of the amber and the ruddy red of the ruby. Surely there is a paradise in colors. Come little sweetheart, come, let's drown all troubles, fill our glasses with the wine of crimson hue and drink to the world of colors.

—G. H. P., '10.

## REPETITION.

A rat was writing home one day,  
Concerning board had this to say:  
“Like ev'ry boarding place  
It's rice and grits in ev'ry case,  
With gravy mixed, while a review  
Of this is sometimes the menu.”

## IS FOOT-BALL REALLY DANGEROUS?

The season now closing has been an unfortunate one in that a number of men have been more or less seriously, some fatally, injured and as a result the antagonism to the game, always latent, but ever ready to become active has developed considerable head.

Comparative statistics, if such were ever given prominence, would show for the number engaged that fewer men are injured in foot ball than in boating, swimming, hunting, racing and allied sports, and yet objections are never raised against these forms of amusements. The annual toll taken by the foolish fireworks exploded in direct violation of fire ordinances creates not half the

talk that the rare occurrence of a fatal injury in foot ball does.

The most casual examination of the lengthy accounts of injuries, mostly minor, will at once make evident the fact that the great majority of accidents are found in the high school and prep school games. This then is the key to the situation: foot ball played under the proper restrictions, with intelligent coaching and keen-eyed officials is as innocuous as any red-blooded sport. To be sure it is a *man's* game and as such, more or less rough. I may point out from the experience of a number of years at the game both in prep school and college that only rarely is a man injured where good coaching and proper supervision is exercised. It needs only a reference to the gruelling contests between Varsity and scrubs which daily occur at a hundred colleges throughout the season to show the effect of watchfulness and care in training in preventing accidents.

A yellow press, quick to dash into blood-curdling headlines is largely responsible for an adverse public sentiment in the matter. A careful campaign of education along the lines of placing the facts before the public should be the aim of the college papers and the magazines devoted to the sports.

---

The yelling contest between the Seniors and the Sophomores was rather amusing. This contest took place while the classes were being arranged for a group picture of the student-body and professors. The Seniors foolishly undertook to get in this hot-air race with these ex-sub-freshmen, but every time the Sophomores without did the Senior's philosophy.

---

It was somewhat of a surprise when the formation of the new company was announced the other day; though at the first of the year on account of the large increase of attendance, everyone was positive that the letter G must



be added to our military alphabet in that it was to designate the seventh drilling company of the regiment. The surprise was caused by the delay in the organization of this unit. All the companies were crowded beyond their capacity to do efficient drilling. One or two of the companies had passed the 100 mark in enrollment, while all listed more than 90 men. The very large companies were difficult for the captains to handle and train in the proper manner. This addition improves conditions a great deal. The lack in size of our drill field probably caused the delay in the organization of this new company, which the able military officer, Capt. Spearman, is to command.

---

#### INCENDIARISM VS. ATHLETICS.

---

This caption rightly expresses the sentiment that animated the outbreak of lawlessness accompanying the celebration of the signal victory over the Georgia Tech team: it surely is a case of the incendiary *against* Athletics.

The feeling of those in authority concerning intercollegiate contests is by no means unanimous in favor of their continuance and occurrences such as referred to above give a pretext, if not a reason for the speedy abolition of such events, and it behooves the entire student body to beware of committing any act which will emasculate our college athletics by the elimination of those contests without which college life would be only a grind of intellectual activity, unrelieved by the beneficial relaxation of both spectators and players in the games which have for their *raison d'être* the keeping up of the 'college spirit' in its strongest forms.

However much it may be argued that such acts are the natural outpourings of the exuberance of youth, it will be difficult in the extreme to convince the cool calculating world of the verity of the statement, particularly the



large per cent of it that have had no college training and but little sympathy for the college bred man.

Let us hope then that the lesson of two weeks ago may be learned once and for all time. *It seems to be given to each college generation to play the fool once but the scoundrel never. Verbum sat.*

---

### IS IT REALLY A YOUNG MAN'S AGE?

---

The action of the federal weather bureau in intimating that henceforth old men will cease to occupy important positions in the service has revived the ancient controversy that once raged round the hapless remark dropped by Dr. Osler.

We are told times without number, and in a manner most oracular, that this is a young man's age. We are cited the young men in business and the professions as evidence of the tendency to relegate the gray-heads to the background, and the subject is good for an indefinite number of pathetic preachments.

As a matter of demonstrable fact, this is no more exclusively a young man's age than any previous era in history.

At all times and in all periods the call has been for ability, for strength and experience to bear the world's burdens, to solve humanity's problems, to fight the battles of peace and of war.

And in the response to the call, the man of elderly years has been relatively as prevalent as the youngster.

It is inevitable, of course, that as men grow less keen of eye and more conservative in action, they should be relieved from duty on the firing line and set to tasks perhaps not quite as militant, but in themselves as intrinsically important.

The spectacle offers nothing new in the history of the world. Always the young man has been to the fore in work that required an intensity of energy, lightning men-

tality and mobility of temperament, whether in contending for supremacy with our ancient animal foes or taking a fall out of the trusts in this very good year of our Lord.

But that does not mean that the man of matured years and silvered hair has reached the limits of his usefulness. He does not make as much noise, perhaps, as the younger contingent, but he is there just the same, plodding along, ripened and made sturdy and enduring by hard-bought wisdom and acting as a fly-wheel for the hasty activities of the more impetuous spirits.

Even the spectacle of great corporations generally giving young men right-of-way is not strange, unique or unnatural. With due allowance, of course, for changed economic conditions, it has prevailed throughout the centuries. And we believe that investigation would reveal that the hardships it entails are greatly exaggerated.

Ability and endurance and experience have a market value at whatever age. A calling of the roll, moreover, of the men instrumental today in American finance and industry and politics would disclose the posts of greatest responsibility held by men ranging well up toward the scriptural limitations.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

---

### IDEALS.

---

One of the greatest forces in shaping the career of man is the picture making side of his nature. This "building of castles in Spain" is often discounted by the so-called practical man. But whatever this man has accomplished is due largely to what he one time pictured himself as doing.

All men get out of the stern realities of life sometimes and dwell for a short time at least in the idealistic world. This is true, especially of the youthful age. The child dreams its happy day away. Pictures of future usefulness and glory are constantly floating before the mind of the lad. These pictures leave their impressions. Some

of them remain very vividly and become the guiding principle of future years in the life of the man. The power of a high ideal in moulding the life can hardly be overestimated.

After Abraham Lincoln had become the foremost figure of the United States government he was often asked why he never partook of strong drink with his associates at the many banquets in the White House. He invariably replied, "When I stood by the bedside of my dying mother I promised her to forever keep my lips sealed against all intoxicating drinks. I was then eighteen years old. I consider that promise as binding today as on the day it was made." The ideal of honesty still illumed the pathway of "Honest Abe." So it is with all truly great characters. The ideals of their boyhood and young manhood are the heralds and promoters of their achievements.

Day after day high ideals are held up before college students, association with the learned and upright professors, the examples and influence of chums and friends, and the voice of the great character of the past revealed in the study of literature. All appeal to the better side of the students and are a source of help and inspiration. The poet spoke truly when he said:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

---

We wish to express our most grateful thanks to Mr. C. G. Gaum for interesting contributions to this issue.

---

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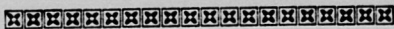
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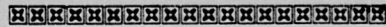
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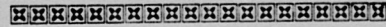
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